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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 48. Price Ten Cents.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Love was in a garden born,
Beautiful and roving,
On Creation's natal morn,
With but little clothing.
Dimpled knee and dimpled cheek
'Midst the blooming closes;
Playing still at hide-and-seek,
"Love amid the roses."

Wearied by the day's long sport,
Love lay down and rested;
Cupid sought the garden-court
Where sweet Love was nested:
Dallied with the tender boy,
Combed his ringlets golden;
As he lingered there to toy,
Love grew strangely olden.

Love arose from out that sleep
Fonder far of roving;
Eyes like his would never weep
For the lack of clothing.
But that rest was heedless then,
Love had proven stupid;
Ever since, the boy has been
But a slave of Cupid.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

Courage mounteth with occasion.
SHAKESPEARE.

That night, or rather morning, was an eventful one to more than the strange Rector and gentle Maud. Carlotta, white-faced and heavy-eyed, had retired to her room after seeing Lady Mildred comfortably ensconced in bed, and, receiving a kiss from her ladyship's kindly lips, felt as little inclined for sleep as the sweet girl in the chamber of the Hall; but, unlike her, she could not sit serenely before her mirror. Clasping her white hands in front of her, and, throwing her majestic head back till the veins stood out in little blue threads in the splendid throat, she seemed gasping for air—for very life—while her rigid lips murmured in broken accents, that fell like icicles snapt from excess of cold:

"Too late, too late! Sold! O Heaven! give me strength to bear it. Give him strength to hate me. How he looked! I shall see his eyes all the hours of the night, feel his hands, clenched and stony, beating against my heart. Yet I have kept my vow. I have done right. Right? Have I? Suppose—suppose, after all, the money, the dross, should turn to bitter apples and Dead Sea fruit? Suppose I have wrecked his and my own life for naught? No, no; I will not think of it. I know that poverty must mean misery. I know that wealth, place, rank, mean power and happiness! Happiness—O Chudleigh, noble Chudleigh! Will your hand never clasp mine again, with the grasp of love? Will your eyes never meet mine again, save with the agony of reproach? Will you—— Hush! hush! Am I an idiot, a brainless schoolgirl, that I talk this balderdash? Enough, enough. I, Carlotta Lawley, penniless daughter of a penniless man—adventurer—have sworn to win rank and wealth for my mate, and I have done so. What matters the pain of the game? No battle is gained without bloodshed, no game won but some must lose," and she sank upon the bed and lowered her head upon her hands. "Let me think. To-morrow he will be here to tell Lady Mildred; the next day and the news will be in every gossip's mouth. I must play my part—I must! More, I will! There shall be no dishonesty. He shall have myself, my obedience, everything save my love."

For half an hour she remained thus motionless, drowsy with the stupor of despair and an aching heart, when suddenly her acute ears detected a grating noise in the adjoining room, which served the purpose of a boudoir and safe-room. In it Lady Mildred's and her own few jewels were kept. For the moment she thought nothing of the noise, and dropped her weary head into its old position; but after a slight pause it came again, this time in the form of a rattling, and, now thoroughly aroused and suspicious, she rose and, gliding to the door, listened intently.

"Someone has broken into the house," she murmured. "Someone is trying the window!"

For a moment her heart beat with a wild terror, but the next a feeling of almost savage delight ran through her, and, with tightly-compressed lips and glittering eyes, she plucked off her slippers, gathered her dress around her, and softly opened the door. Pausing to let the slight sound of the creaking door die away until she heard the unmistakable click of an opened window, the brave girl, rallying up to an unnatural calm by excitement, stole along the slight strip of passage that intervened between the two rooms, and reached the door of the room whence the noise came. It was ajar. Deliberately pushing it open far enough to admit her, she entered, and saw the figure of a man, dressed in a fustian suit, with heavy boots swathed with folds of list, a ragged fur-cap upon his head, and a piece of black crape covering the upper part of his face. He was bending down before a pretty toy cabinet, trying one of the doors with a small bar of iron by the light of a dark-lantern. By his side lay a pistol—not the first Carlotta Lawley had seen by very many. It was cocked and, as she felt assured, was loaded. On the ledge of the open window were two grappling-hooks attached to a ladder of slight rope by which the burglar had ascended.

Although it has taken some minutes to describe the position of affairs, Carlotta's keen eyes took it in in a moment, and in another had determined what to do. Springing to the window, she unfastened the grappling-irons and heard the ladder fall to the ground; then, turning, faced the burglar, who, with a fearful imprecation, ground out from beneath his teeth, had leapt to his muffled feet.

"On'y speak a word or screech, and I'll shoot yer; hang me, if I don't," he croaked hoarsely.

"I don't intend to," she said—"that is, at least, if I don't change my mind. You can fire if you like. The consequences are very easily told. The house would be alarmed—it is waiting now for my signal; the ladder has gone, escape would be out of the question."

Bill the burglar stared in amazement; his keen brain had taken in the sense and truth of her words at once. Lowering his pistol, he said huskily:

"Well, you are a cool 'un, miss," and there was a tone of admiration in his words and a light in his eyes that made the beauty almost smile. "P'raps you'll tell me what you're goin' to do?" he growled, fingering the pistol, but not offering to raise it again.

"That depends upon what you have done," said Carlotta. "Have you injured that cabinet?"

Bill stared. It was getting too hot. This woman, whom he could have strangled with a cluteh of his dirty hands, or shot by a curl of his strong finger, was beating him at his own game! How beautiful she looked, too! He was beginning to feel ashamed of himself, and with a shake like a dog advanced a step.

"No foolery," he croaked; "I'm not a-goin' to stand it. Get out o' the way, and let me take the swag, or ——" and he raised the pistol again.

Carlotta stretched out her hand and caught the bell-rope.

"Ah, you want me to ring, I see," she said, feeling her courage fast ebbing away, yet all the more determined that he should not see it.

"No—no!" cried the man. I ——"

"Stand back, then, and put down that pistol!" said Carlotta in a firm voice of command.

Bill hesitated for a second; then, with an emphatic consignment of her eyes and limbs to a warm climate, laid the pistol on the table.

"There!"

"Now," said Carlotta, at that moment noticing a jewel-box lying on the floor, with its lid torn open and sides broken in—"now pick up that box, and put back the things you have taken from it."

Bill the burglar eyed her for a moment with sullen eyes, but a movement of the hand which held the bell-rope decided him. Slowly he picked up the box, and, unbuttoning his coat-pocket, noiselessly plucked forth, as if he were plucking out his heart, the heap of glittering gems.

"Have you anything else?" asked Carlotta sternly.

"No," snarled the man.

"Very well!" rejoined Carlotta. "Now then, there is a five-pound note; take it and go. If it is any use I'll ask you to repay me for saving you from transportation by trying—trying, mark me—an honest life; but I'm afraid it would be a waste of words and time. Take the note and go."

And she held the crisp piece of paper towards him. The man stood stock-still, and gazed at her as if he doubted his senses.

"Is it all square?" he gasped.

"I do not understand you," said Carlotta calmly. "If you mean I am playing you false, you know I am not; I could have done it long ago, had I wished. Take this and go; I cannot answer for their waiting much longer."

Bill came forward and took off his cap; it was thoughtlessly done, and he paid for his compelled reverence, for with the cap off tumbled the mask.

"Ah!" he cried, his disclosed face turning white. "You'll know me—you'll split upon me."

"Another word like that and I ring," said Carlotta. "I have given you my promise that you shall go unharmed, and I shall keep it."

"You're a lady, a queen, 'ang me!" cried the man with enthusiastic admiration. "Miss, I wouldn't touch a hair of yer head; I never meant to, swelp me. Put the note away; chuck it in the fireplace, I won't touch it —— Well, if yer insists upon it I will, but I swear I'll keep it as a token of this 'ere night and you, miss; and if ever you should want a friend to give you a hand in anything of this sort, or, leastways, anything rough and ready, I'm your man, swelp me. Ask for Cribby Bill at the 'Spotted Calf,' Vitechapel, and you'll soon hear o' me. Good-bye, miss; I can manage to get down by the winder, no matter if I do break my neck; good-bye, miss, and Heaven bless yer."

Thus saying, and without adding the authority for his belief that he had a right to command the benediction, the bullet-head of Cribby Bill disappeared beneath the ledge, and Carlotta fell in a half-swoon against the cabinet she had so bravely protected, murmuring:

"Thank Heaven! if it had not been for this, I should have gone mad!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!
* * * * * * *
What need we should have any friends if we should never have any need of them?—*Timon of Athens.*

Next day two topics were flying about the county and filling the gossip-mongers with goods—the engagement of Lord Crownbrilliants and Miss Lawley, and the daring attempt at burglary at the Cottage, which that lady had so bravely prevented.

These two events and the grand fete at The Folly set the whole district in a ferment; nothing else was talked about; and before the evening had closed in, Lady Mildred's drawing-room was full of distinguished visitors, who had come to kill two birds with one stone—learn the full and latest particulars of the dramatic scene with the burglar, and congratulate Miss Lawley upon her conquest.

Lord Crownbrilliants had nearly fainted when Carlotta, in calm tones, had given him a concise account of the affair, and wanted to rush off to town and offer an enormous reward for the capture of the man; but Carlotta not only begged him to refrain from any attempts to capture Cribby Bill, but actually refused to give a description of his appearance.

"What is this about Carlotta Lawley's engagement, Chudleigh?" asked Sir Fielding as Chudleigh entered the library with a letter in his hand.

"Who told you, sir?" replied Chudleigh, Scotch fashion, by asking another question.

"Maud," replied Sir Fielding. "She has just come back from the Cottage, and is filled with some sort of a burglary, or attempt at it, that occurred there last night, and Carlotta's engagement with Lord Crownbrilliants."

"I suppose it is true, then, sir," said Chudleigh, turning to the window till his face had gained something of his usual color.

"I am delighted to know that it is," said Sir Fielding. "It is a splendid match for her—splendid. Lord Crownbrilliants is just the husband for such a regal creature as Carlotta Lawley, to say nothing of the title and the broad estates. She will look well in her coronet ——"

"I came to disturb you with this letter," said Chudleigh, not able to bear more; and he laid it on the table. "It is a notice from the solicitors. Two weeks only remain."

Sir Fielding shrank back into his chair.

"Two weeks!" he repeated. "Longer than that, Chud., surely. Two weeks! What is to be done?"

Chudleigh shook his head.

"I am at a loss, sir," he said. "We can scarcely hope to raise the money; and, if not, the Hall ——"

Sir Fielding held up his white hand tremblingly.

"Don't say it, Chud. Bad enough to know it, to think of it, without giving it tongue."

Chudleigh sighed, and there followed a minute's silence, Sir Fielding shrinking into his chair with his hand before his eyes.

Presently, with a suddenness that startled Chudleigh, he said:

"Chud., I'll try The Folly."

Chudleigh started and crimsoned.

"There is no other course?" he added, though interrogatively.

"I know of none," said Chudleigh.

"Then I will go," said Sir Fielding, nerving himself to a fit of energy, and rising from his chair.

"At once, sir?" said Chudleigh, with the inward longing to postpone the trial he knew it would be for his father.

"Aye, at once, Chud., at once," replied Sir Fielding, brokenly. "Delays are dangerous. It is the last moment, or nearly so; besides, Chud., it will cost me as much to do it a week hence as it does now."

"Let me go with you, sir," said Chudleigh.

"No, no," replied Sir Fielding, though reluctantly. "I'll go alone. I don't think I could bear you to hear me asking him."

He rang the bell for William, his valet. Chudleigh, when Sir Fielding had left the room, sank into the straight-backed chair beside the window, and stared moodily across the Park.

Strange! the blow had fallen very lightly upon him; his poverty did not seem so bitter now. He forgot, or did not know, that despair deadens the heart and numbs the senses.

Meanwhile, Sir Fielding, with bent head and heavy hand upon his carved stick, was walking across the park, on his way to ask for a loan from the cotton-spinner whose existence a few months back he had refused to recognize.

"He will think," he murmured, "that I have accepted his friendship as a lead up to this. Ah! what would I do, what would I not suffer, to have the golden years back again! I might have worked this money out of the estate. Might! might! What is the use of might? My opportunities have been spent and lost among the dry records of the past. Books bring comfort, they say; they have brought ruin to me. At least, but for them I might have stayed it off, and still handed down the Hall as a heritage to my children;" and, thinking thus, the old aristocrat bowed his head still lower to hide the tears that fell upon his white-frilled shirt.

He had reached the corner of the road that branched off to the Rectory, and, with the intention of cutting his way short by going through the Rectory wood, had opened the gate, when the owner, followed by Tigris, the dog, strode from among the trees and swung it back for him.

"Ah! good-morning!" said Sir Fielding, lifting his hat, at which the other completely bowed his head. "I am caught trespassing."

"Not trespassing, but conferring an honor," replied Maurice Durant, bending his head with a kingly bow. "The Rectory and its grounds are at your disposal, Sir Fielding."

"You are too generous," said Sir Fielding, passing through the gate and leaning his arm against the post, for he was rather tired.

"Not more so than yourself," retorted Maurice Durant with a grave smile. "It is not once only that you have placed the Hall at my disposal."

Sir Fielding winced.

"What I offered I meant," he said sadly; then, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, he added: "It will not be in my power, perhaps, to continue my offer long."

At the words and the sad tone the stalwart figure started the slightest in the world, and his heavy brows lowered searchingly, as, fixing his eyes upon the pale, gentle face, he said, the foreign accent very palpable:

"What mean you?"

Sir Fielding looked up into the noble face, and answered bitterly, after a moment's hesitation:

"I don't know why I should not tell you, Mr. Durant. I should have told your father in the years gone by. Where do you think I am going now?"

Maurice Durant, whose frown had grown darker at Sir Fielding's mention of his father, raised his brows with a shrug of his stalwart shoulders.

"I am going to The Folly," said Sir Fielding, raising his head, "to beg a loan of Mr. Gregson, wherewith to pay off a mortgage on the Hall, which forecloses in a fortnight's time."

Slowly, with sad, bitter distinctiveness, the words fell brokenly from the thin, quivering lips, and at their close the blue eyes were filled with tears. There was a minute's pause. When Sir Fielding looked up again, he saw a light in the dark eyes gazing down at him that he had never seen there before—a light he would not have thought the stern, fierce eyes capable of possessing.

"To The Folly!" said the grand voice, lowered to a pitch of gentleness that corresponded with the gaze, and equally surprised Sir Fielding. "To The Folly! Why walk so far, Sir Fielding? The Rectory is much nearer."

"The Rectory!" murmured Sir Fielding.

"Aye, the Rectory!" repeated Maurice Durant. "You spoke of my father just now; he would have considered it not far from an insult to pass his house in search of a favor. What cause have you to deem me more gracious? Why should Sir Fielding be too proud to take aid from those whom he has helped in the past?"

And the dark eyes flashed now almost angrily. Sir Fielding stared bewildered. Could it be possible that this strange being really considered his neglecting to ask him for a loan an insult?

"Or did you think the Durant coffers had been emptied by their spendthrift owner, Maurice? If so, you were wrong, Sir Fielding; there is gold in them still—idle gold that could find no better use and purpose than to relieve, however slightly, the wants of Chichester Hall."

As the noble words rang out like the pealing of a grand organ, Sir Fielding almost lost their sense in the feeling of admiring awe that filled him; for the form raised to its great height, and the glorious-tanned head, with its flowing hair, seemed rather that of some heroic mediæval king than a rector of the nineteenth century. For a moment he was speechless, then he stammered:

"I—I thought you were perhaps unable ——"

"I forgive you; say no more," said Maurice Durant, holding out his hand. "Though I will not say I could have done so had you reached The Folly. Come, Sir Fielding, let us walk to my den—it is indeed a den—and get this trivial business settled."

"Trivial!" repeated Sir Chichester, shaking his head. "The amount ——"

"Is not over half a million of pounds?" Sir Fielding smiled.

"Good, then, it is small," said Maurice Durant. "Come."

And he strode up the narrow path with the bearing of an emperor. Sir Fielding walked at his side, wondering and marveling, scarce able to persuade himself that he had not gone to sleep in the hot sunshine and was in the land of a dream. Opening a small side-door with a key, Maurice Durant held it until Sir Fielding had passed through, and then, following him, closed and bolted it. Then together they ascended the darkened stairs, lined with dim, dust-covered faces of past and gone Durants, and glittering here and there with patches of gold carving, still unfaded. Stopping at a door, which Sir Fielding remembered as the entrance to Gerald Durant's own room, Maurice Durant unlocked it, and, as before, held it for Sir Fielding to pass. As he entered, the Baronet started. The room was furnished as it was, the furniture occupied the same places as it did in the time when the Rectory was the glory of the county. Every chair was in its old place, the sunlight falling on the same cabinet, the ancient fire-irons leaning against the old brass trestles—everything in the room, small and great, as it was the night Maurice Durant's father had fallen dead across its massive table. Maurice Durant wheeled a chair from the table, and, with a "Be seated, Sir Fielding," walked to the old cabinet, and, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked one of the drawers. Sir Fielding watched with curious anxiety, feeling half-bewildered. When the cupboard was pulled out, Maurice Durant went to a drawer, and, swinging back its carved and gilded door, took from its shelves a large quaint wineflask and a glass.

"Burgundy," he said with a curt smile; "the only wine the Rectory owns, as you may remember, Sir Fielding. Will you drink?"

Sir Fielding bowed, and silently filled his glass—also quaintly cut and of foreign make.

"It is superb wine!" he said. "Did you find this in the cellars?"

Maurice nodded.

"Aye! An army of bottles, cobwebbed and dust-covered."

"The wine is nearly as old as the house," said Sir Fielding.

"And as little valued," said Maurice Durant, with a strange smile. "I never touch it."

Then he went back to the cabinet and lifted a bag and a small parcel from the drawer. These he placed on the table, and, unfastening, disclosed to Sir Fielding's astonished gaze a heap of gold and notes, some on foreign, most on English banks

"Gracious Heavens, my dear Durant!" he said. "Do you keep this enormous sum of money in that old, worm-eaten cabinet?"

The owner of the treasure bowed with a strange, sombre smile.

"But," continued Sir Fielding, "are you not afraid of burglars? By the way, an attempt was made at Lady Mildred's only last night. Nothing would be easier to our London thieves than to break into this old place and decamp with the money."

Maurice Durant smiled again.

"Let them come," he said. "They are welcome to the money, so that they do not disturb its owner. Have no fear, Sir Fielding. I have a knack of taking care of my own if I think it worth the fighting for, which, as for this dross, I do not."

"But why not bank it?" said Sir Fielding, even his little business knowledge revolting against such a waste of capital.

"Bank it! Why?" replied Maurice Durant, frowning. "That it may breed more? What do I, who live by my gun and spend nothing, want with capital or interest? Bah! Sir Fielding, you have lived too long in this old, money-doated island. Had you spent the best or worst part of your life in desert solitudes, among prairie and mountain wilds, living by your hands' strength and your brain's cunning, fighting for your daily life with wild beasts and wilder men, you would know how to scorn this glittering dust, that takes its value from place, and not from worth."

Sir Fielding bowed.

"Pardon me, Mr. Durant," he said with earnest gravity. "Mine was a worthless anxiety—yours a noble carelessness. I, alas! am compelled to value this dust at the price my fellow-men, nay, my creditors, put upon it ——"

"Nay, pardon me," broke in Maurice Durant, laying his hand upon the old man's shoulder with a grasp that was almost a caress and had something touching in its gesture of respect. "You were right—I wrong. The dross is valuable, if only for the single reason that it is of service to you. Tell me, is there sufficient there?"

Sir Fielding, not daring to say more, for fear of raising the strange being's anger, and deeming it the truest generosity to accept with little verbiage the princely offer, glanced at the notes and weighed the bag.

"More than enough, I think," he said. "I really cannot say. Chudleigh could tell."

"Then let Mr. Chichester estimate it," said Maurice Durant. "The bag is heavy; I would give you more notes, but that this pile is all I possess. There is plenty more gold," he added quickly, seeing the reluctant crossing of Sir Fielding's brow—"more than I shall ever need."

"How can I express my gratitude?" murmured Sir Fielding, the tears in his eyes.

"By not wounding me with thanks," replied the other. "I have few moments of pleasure, Sir Fielding. This is one of them. Do not mix its gold with alloy."

Sir Fielding rose and held out his hand.

"You will not let me thank you," he said. "Then let me, in addition to taking your gold, beg of you one other favor."

Maurice Durant bowed.

"No favor you ask of me shall be refused or be called such," he replied.

"Let me call you friend!" said Sir Fielding, in a low voice, broken with emotion. "Lessen this debt somewhat, or, rather, make its weight greater, by breaking the bonds of solitude which surround you and by making the Hall your home. We have thought of you every day, and spoken of you often. From now your name will spell 'saviour' to us. Be the friend in person, as you are in deed, and be one of us."

Maurice Durant turned his head away for one moment, as if struggling with some intense emotion; but the next he seized the bag with one hand, and, placing the bundle of notes in Sir Fielding's hand with the other, said curtly, though somewhat sadly:

"The bag is heavy; I will carry it to the Park. Come."

They went, Maurice Durant carefully closing each door, and locking it, as they passed through.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS VIOLET CAMERON, Actress.

Next!

Up to her chamber window a slight wire trellis goes, and up this Romeo's ladder clambers a bold white rose. To her scarlet lips she pressed him, and kissed him many a time—ah, me! it was he who won her, because he dared to climb.—*T. B. Aldrich.* Had you waited a moment longer, you sentimental lout, you'd seen the lady's feet slip, and the lady falling out.—*Courier-Journal.* No slight trellis for us, no rose with its maddening prick, no fall from a lady's window to the delicate-maiden sick.—*N. Lows Journal.* But a softly-cushioned divan, just big enough for two, and a girl that's soft and tender—that is the way to woo.—*Rochester Express.* A girl that is sweet and tender reminds one of a bill of fare; and, like a good beefsteak, they're better because they're rare.—*Oil City Derrick.* 'Tis true they're rare; but, mind you, by searching they may be found—for, like the steak you mention, they're pretty apt to be round.—*Worcester Press.* 'Tis true they may be round, and likewise very fair, but the longer you know them you'll find they're never square.—*Albany Argus.* Pray cease your senseless gushing about the girl so fair: and don't go hanging round her, but court her on the square.—*Boston Globe.* How every hungry journalist at rhyme his turn doth take; they air a sweet lot of love—their love is good beefsteak.—*Detroit Free Press.* Ah, list to poet horn! Of good beefsteak the fellow sings—he 'roars amid his fancyings—he feeds on pork and corn.—*South Bend Herald.* We fancy we see the lower fair clambering up above, recklessly risking his life to get to the window of his love. And we fancy we see the old man, and in his hand a club, as he waits upon the window-sill to hit him in the mug. And we fancy still, the maiden saith, as she watches with face aglow, "Be careful and don't hit the trellis, pa, for it cost money, you know." But the heart grows faint and weary, as we think what we might add, and we shudder at thoughts of murder as we gaze at that old dad.—[We forget who threw this last brick.—ED. CLIPPER.]

OUR ENGRAVING.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1862, and made her debut on the stage at the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., in 1870, as Karl in "Faust and Marguerite." The following year she played in the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, and during the season of 1872-3 she was similarly employed at the Adelphi Theatre. Shortly afterwards she joined Lydia Thompson's Burlesque Troupe. Towards the close of the season of 1875-6 she made a hit acting Perdita in "A Winter's Tale." Later she rejoined the Lydia Thompson Troupe, and was seen to much advantage as Polly Perkins in "Robinson Crusoe."

THE FAIR MAID OF ERIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F. L. STANTON.

O daughter of Erin! how lovely art thou,
With the dark curls that wave o'er thy beauteous brow,
And the bright flashing eyes that in brilliancy beam,
Like the moonlight that silvers the murmuring stream!

The friend of the stranger, who, destined to roam
Afar from his friends and the loved ones at home,
Knocked at thy low cottage, and entered to see
A vision of love and of beauty in thee!

At eve, when each birdie had flown to its nest,
And the lingering sunlight had spangled the west,
In the first blush of twilight together we strayed
'Mid arches and columns of castles decayed.

And thou did'st amuse with traditional lore,
And tales of the lords and the ladies of yore,
While I, oft enchanted, would treasure thy words
As sweet to my soul as the music of birds!

Ah! then I was happy beneath the blue skies,
And the radiant glow of your beautiful eyes;
When thy voice, with its soft and its silvery tone,
Attuned to love's music, would blend with my own!

The ocean divides us, the billows foam high,
And break on the shore with a desolate sigh;
Yet the winds, as they murmur, still waft unto me
A message of love and affection from thee!

All lonely I wander—and yearn, but in vain,
For a glimpse of the sweet face of Mary again;
Yet how dear to my heart, and how soothing the while,
Are the mem'ries I have of the Emerald Isle.

CAUGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

It was years ago, when I was but a youngster, sporting my first moustache, and filled with wild schemes for the future. "There's no such word as fail" was the motto which I had chosen as my own; and although since the days of my youth in the dictionary of life I have found that word just semi-occasionally, I still consider it a very good motto under which to fight life's battles. Only in the weakness and blindness and natural "cussedness" of poor, frail human nature, one is apt to make "divers and sundry" errors, and all due allowance should be made when we chance to prove the above device a misnomer. But let me give you the yarn I set out to spin, and if it fails to prove to you—well, what I'm trying to prove, I'm mistaken, that's all.

My love of adventure and natural yearning to distinguish myself by some daring deed or brave action led me to migrate for a season to the mining districts, in the snow-bound wilds, amid the Rocky Mountains. With plenty of means at my command, I was free to roam whithersoever I saw fit, and I soon found myself one of a band of miners in that lonely and unsettled country. Determined to join with my comrades in their search for the shining ore, I procured a spade and pickaxe, a pocket-flask and a pack of cards, together with a pair of blankets, and a couple of Derringers; then announced myself ready for action. These requisites were all that I considered necessary to the occupation of a miner. I forgot the strength of mind as well as body, the endurance, the patience and discretion which *must* accompany a man into the "diggings," if he expects success. But my chief attribute, as perhaps you will discover ere I conclude, was conceit, and no deficiency in that qualification vulgarly known as "cheek."

When I had been in the camp several months we received intelligence that a traveling circus was soon to visit Scampville, the neighboring town. What a sensation it created, to be sure! How the "boys" bustled about, making preparations for the great event! While I—notwithstanding the *blase* air which I assumed—could not repress a feeling of pleasure at the prospect of once more beholding the delight of my boyish days—a circus!

On the day of the first performances our whole camp turned out en masse for Scampville. We found that the native town in a state of the wildest excitement, while huge posters, resplendent in red, green and yellow, announced the arrival of "the most stupendous representation of the day," together with flaring woodcuts of impossible horses and improbable riders. The "Queen of the Arena" was billed as Mademoiselle Leonie, and from the first glance even the coarse caricature which attempted to represent her lineaments attracted me, and held me spellbound before it, as I made one of the group of loungers curiously scanning the picture, and commenting on the wonderful beauty of the face.

Night arrived, and the canvas tent of the circus was literally packed—not even standing-room was left unfilled; the only subject for wonder being—from where had all the people come? a temperance lecture or a camp-meeting would have failed to gather together one-fourth of the assembly present to witness what by some is considered "shameless representations." The question arose in my mind, at once—is it the natural depravity of poor human nature? Perhaps the Brooklyn Tabernacle could answer, since it so well understands all questions of depravity!

But, from the moment that Mademoiselle Leonie bounded into the ring, on the back of her snow-white pony, I had no eyes for any other object. I cannot explain or describe the wild sensation of delight, admiration—aye, love, that filled my heart in one mad rush of emotion. Remember, I was young, and had never loved before. I cannot enter into details; suffice it, that before I left the crowded tent my heart was at the feet of the fair performer. I remember rushing wildly out into the open air, when the performance was over, with a determination of finding out who she was at all hazards. But my information I received was very meagre, though, to my joy, I found that she was unmarried. My mind was made up.

The circus was to remain for a week at Scampville; I was young, rich, and (in my own estimation, at least) handsome; my motto was: "No such word as fail." I determined to woo and win the fair young circus actress. What though my family—my father, mother and sister—in far-away New York, *should* be heart-broken at the mesalliance? My happiness was at stake, and I determined to succeed in my wishes. Alas! "It takes *two* to make a bargain!"

Time and space forbid a record of how I suffered for the sake of mademoiselle—the huge bouquets, the rings, brooches, bracelets and necklaces which I poured out willingly at her shrine, until she might have established a small jewelry store. My time was short, and I improved it to the utmost. But I could not procure an interview. The inflammable notes, chockful of lasting devotion, which I hastily smuggled in the depths of my floral offerings, were silently disregarded; it was the one drop of poison in my cup. I could not shut my eyes to the fact that there was a rival in the case. A tall, dark-bearded, handsome fellow—Monsieur Ricardo by name—who also did equestrian biz, was ever at her side; and I intuitively felt that he was the stumbling-block in the way of my success. To what tyranny might she not be forced to submit? My blood boiled at the thought. I resolved to seek an interview with the fellow.

Fortune favored me. One day I met him face to face in the open country, just outside the town. Owing to the immense business which it did, the circus had prolonged its stay indefinitely, and I had taken up my quarters in Scampville to remain until the departure, when I should know my fascinating rival, but undeniably handsome, the fellow strode along. I approached him.

"Monsieur Ricardo?" I inquired politely, although I felt a strong inclination to kick him.

"Correct!" was his response, as he raised his hat.

"I wish to speak to you," I continued abruptly, "regarding Mademoiselle Leonie."

He smiled a disagreeable smile.

"Very well! Speak away!"

"I love her!" I began fiercely, and prepared for a fierce retort.

To my unqualified amazement he burst into a hearty laugh, and, muttering quite audibly something about a "fool" (with a decided adjective before it), and his very sides shaking with uncontrollable merriment, he strode hastily away. For a moment I stood gazing after him. My brain seemed on fire, my heart surged madly. I felt as if I should die.

"Curse him!" I muttered at last vehemently. "I will be avenged! I will put my rival out of my way! He has insulted me—I will have his life!"

The longer I thought of it, the more incensed I became. My infatuation for the girl was almost unparalleled; I could not live away from her; without her, life would be a burden too heavy to be borne. All night long I brooded over the situation. "The devil always helps those who call upon him," and I must have invoked the aid of His Satanic Majesty, for there darted into my mind at last a terrible inspiration—a way in which, without actual bloodshed, I could be most effectually rid of my rival. Four or five miles away, in the dreary and desolate mountains, stood an old log hut, which was sometimes used as a bear-trap—a small building, about seven feet high, and ten by twelve feet in size. The door was arranged on the outside with a spring-lock—the idea being to entrap the bear therein by means of a bait partly visible from without. When Bruin had entered in pursuit of it, the door would shut to, and the spring-lock would hold the monster fast until the hunters came to despatch him.

By some means I would lure my victim within the hut, the door would close upon him, and Leonie would be free. With Ricardo out of the way, I felt sure that I could win her.

"There's no such word as fail," I said.

After hours of awful anguish, into which I condensed the misery of years, I made my dreadful decision. I decided to visit the hut and examine the lock. Should it fail me at the last moment, mine would be a sad predicament. It was late one cold afternoon, with the wind blowing great guns and the snow trying to fall, that I left my room at the "hotel," and, without a word to anybody, turned in the direction of the snowy mountains. Walking briskly, I was not long in reaching the place. I glanced furtively around—no danger of prying eyes, to be sure—and, prepping open the door with the fallen limb of a tree, I entered the little building. Ah! everything was propitious to my scheme! Ha! ha! Monsieur Ricardo! To-morrow at this time where will you be? I laughed aloud. A wild gust of wind took up the refrain: It whistled around the corners of the hut; it lifted the prop which I had placed against the door. In an instant it had

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

BOXER, Chicago.—1. Tom King was born in 1826, and is living in England, perhaps following the occupation of a bargeman on the Thames. He is 5ft. 9¾in. in height, and weighed, in condition, 181lb. 2. Jack Looney. 3ft. 8in., 136lb. He did not fight Mace or Sox Coburn, but he fought Tom Coburn twice, also beating Con Keegan and Joe Cole. 3. The "White House," kept by Joe Coburn, was located on Grand street, near Broadway. He has since been proprietor of saloons in other parts of this city—the last one being at 1,256 Broadway. 4. Harry Hill's Variettes is located at 26 East Houston street. 4. In pugilism, the weights are regulated as follows: Feather, up to and including 118lb.; light, over 118 and including 133lb.; middle, over 133lb and including 154lb.; heavy, all above 154lb. 6. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for longest and shortest fights. 7. Sayers' weight when he fought Heenan is said to have been 161lb. 8. Owyer did not fight Coburn. 9. Charley Gallagher stood 6ft. 1½in., and scaled 186lb. He was born at Cobourg, Canada, May 22, 1845, and died at Jackson, Mich., Aug. 25, 1875 of lung disease. Can't say. 10. Bill Poole was born in New Jersey, stood 5ft. 9½in., and weighed 157lb. He was not a ring fighter. 11. Tom Hyer was born in this city, where he also died June 26, 1864, aged 46. His height was 6ft. 1¼in., weight 180lb. Heenan stood 6ft. 1¼in., and weighed 178lb the day he fought Sayers. 12 Dark-complexioned. 13. The turnup between Hyer and Sullivan occurred in April, 1849, in a restaurant at Broadway and Park place. 14. Sullivan was born at Randen, near Cork, Ireland, and he died in San Francisco, Cal. He stood 5ft. 10¾in., and weighed 185lb. 15. Morrissey and Heenan fought at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. 16. See "Health, Strength and Muscle," by Ed. James, for measurements, etc.

W. G., Baltimore.—What kind of pitch is it you are playing when, each having one point to go, one player can give the other three, or even one, without putting him out? If you have agreed that the gilt cannot be counted by the seller, then you should have agreed as to everything else. That game is not auction-pitch. In auction-pitch proper, if A had stood at six to B's nine, the latter could have given him three, and, himself making high low-game to A's luck, would have won the game on his high. On the same principle B would also have won had he made high-jack-game to A's low.

JACK G., Mott Haven.—Unless a special understanding was had to the contrary, prior to the race, the referee had no power to order the men to run off the dead heat; nor was there any necessity of his declaring it a draw, as, in case the contestants would not agree to run over it, it must necessarily have been a draw, anyhow. If the referee had authority to order them to run again, and did so, then the man refusing to obey forfeited all claim to the stakes, provided his opponent went over the course at the time designated.

BLUFF, Montreal.—In the absence of any explanation, "an unlimited game of bluff" is one in which there is no limit to the betting. It is simply either straight poker or draw poker, in both of which a player is entitled to a "straight," and in neither of which is there a "limit" unless so specified. The only game in which there is no "straight" is that known as "gamblers' bluff." If A could not cover B's last $100, B had to haul it down, and both were to show cards on a call.

B. A. AND P. F.—Euchre were not playing euchre. There is no calling for partner's best in that game, and there cannot be two lone hands at one time. There is an abortion called "railroad euchre," in which both of these things are possible, but if you were playing that, the party who went alone against you, and made three tricks, is entitled to four points—for some reason that no one has ever been able to explain.

NO. 7, Bangor.—1. Each dealer loses the jack if the misdeal occurred while the cards were being run to that jack. 2. The jack counts, when the cards run out. 3. The non-dealer counts for "game" on a tie. 4. It is optional with the non-dealer to deal or to insist upon the privilege of begging. 5. The second man cannot go blind except with the consent of the first.

H. M., Hull.—Harry Hunt, "the Staleybridge Infant," sailed from New York for England Sept. 14, 1872. He spent nearly a year in the United States, and was present at the fight between Edwards and Chambers. Hurst never fought Tom King; he won the English championship by beating Paddock, and lost it to Jim Mace, who fought King twice.

TORONTO CIGARMAKERS, Toronto.—It depends upon the length of the dispatch, and also upon the time that is lost in procuring an answer on the other side, prior to the return trip. The time of the electric current, when uninfluenced by the weather, is always the same. There is no "haul" time about it, nor "slow."

M. AND J.—1. Barnum's Museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann street was destroyed by fire July 13, 1865. 2. His Museum on Broadway, above Spring street, was burned March 3, 1868. 3. His circus and menagerie, in Fourteenth street (the Hippotheatron), was burned Dec. 24, 1872.

M. F., Cedar Rapids.—1. His first wife, Louisa Berger, died in Jackson, Mich., March 20, 1872. On Sept. 13, 1875, he married Miss Alice M. Adams in Boston, Mass. 2. We think not. It will depend upon the engagements secured in America how long they will remain there. The persons you name are still with the troupe.

FRED, Boston.—The version you refer to has never been played here, as far as the theatre you name. "The Child of the Wood," by E. L. Blanchard, was produced in Niblo's Garden, this city, Dec. 8, 1873, with the Vokes Family and Mlle. Bonfanti in the cast. There was no harlequinade in the piece, which was pronounced dull.

GILSEY HOUSE.—1. "The Black Crook" was originally produced in Niblo's Garden, this city, Wednesday night, Sept. 12, 1866, and was performed 474 consecutive times during its first run. 2. "The Gilded Age" was first acted in this city in the Park Theatre Sept. 16, 1874, and was withdrawn Jan. 9, 1875, after its 119th representation.

CONSTANT READER, York.—1. Address James Munson, Park Row, this city, who publishes such a work. It can, in time, be learned from books. 2. Correspondents use no signs that almost anybody cannot understand. 3. We cannot, for the life of us, see any reason that what we might recommend might in time be condemned by you.

ST. LOUIS.—1. From $50 to $125 per week. 2. Yes. 3. No; unless special music is required. The leader of the orchestra will be consulted for ordinary occasions. 4. See our advertising columns. 5. If he would seek an engagement to play general utility he might possibly succeed.

A SUBSCRIBER, Nashville.—1. MRS. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie has been dead eight years. Mowatt, her first husband, has been dead about thirty. Ritchie, her second husband, has been dead nearly a year. 2. The woman you ask about, Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie Mowatt, never existed.

W. H. H., Baltimore.—1. We believe neither is married. 2. We do not. 3. She shares the gross receipts with the manager, first deducting a specified sum, sometimes called expenses. 4. Yes. Address Frank Queen, editor and proprietor. 5. Sometimes.

J. L. L., Detroit.—He played in Detroit, Mich., once in 1871, twice in 1872, and both in 1873, and once in 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, in all nine times. Each time he played in the Detroit Opera-house, save during his visit in 1876, when he performed in Whitney's Grand Opera-house.

W. K., San Francisco.—We cannot undertake to hunt up the authors of stray verse. We have endeavored to put you on the track of the author. Again we say—address a note to J. M. Wells, who is in your vicinity. We have heard him recite the very lines you quote.

DECLINER.—"Guard Well Thy Life," "Send Luck to Those Who Lend a Helping Hand," "The Empty Pocket-book," "The Haunted House," "Masaniello Down Below," "To Hattie A," "The Evening Bells," "Fame has been the Dream."

BILLY, Montreal.—1. With the exception of the two or three who have the good luck to be also engaged in law-reporting, they are paid "on space." Like telegraph operators, they are a drug in the market. 2. We do not know.

W. A. A., Washington.—Verdi's opera of "Aida" was first produced at Cairo, Egypt, during the week preceding Christmas, 1871, and may be styled an Egyptian-Italian work, Verdi the libretto being by the Viceroy of Egypt. Your other questions we will look up as quickly as possible.

WILL C., Halifax.—1. She was recently with her company in this country, but has returned to England. She is the original and only performer of that name in that line. 2. Yes. 3. Since she was a child. 4. Born in 1840.

W. M. S., Sheboygan.—The only ones in print are the incomplete ones published in "Frank Leslie's Budget," which for sixty cents you can get through Ed. James, whose card see.

J. J. K., Jackson.—If still in print, the works of Mrs. Alfred Bohn, associated by "Bohn" you mention with Mrs. Behn who also wrote under the name of "Astrea," can be had of Harper Brothers, this city.

H. B. C., Fairbury.—The holder of the note presents it for payment to the drawer, or the person upon whom it is drawn; and if it is not paid, he then calls upon the party who endorsed the note to him to make the amount good.

RAU.—1. Feb. 14. If any mistake of order, Rau's Guide will inform you. 2. We cannot say. 3. Any member of the order will give you the required information.

R. O. S., Philadelphia.—Use prepared burnt cork, which can be had of Shannon, Miller & Crane, as per their advertisement. Before applying it, rub a little cold cream on the face and hands.

H. J. E., Buffalo.—1. Half-mile time in a mile race is not a record. Nobody bothers about keeping a chronicle either of that or of private time. 2. Judge Fullerton is a gentleman. 3. Don't understand you.

G. T. H., Athens.—Ed. James, whose card see elsewhere, can send a paper-cover for about 25 cents. A leather one would have to be made to order, and would cost as much as a new board.

D. D., Fayette.—The backer of Hayes wins, so long as the bet was made prior to the meeting of the Electoral College.

J. W. G.—The salary would depend entirely upon the success you achieved in public performances, ranging from $20 to $100 for short engagements.

J. B., Brooklyn.—1. The Brooklyn Theatre, Broadway, near Broome street, was previously known for several years as Wallack's Theatre.

C. G., Cincinnati.—The Bowery Theatre in this city has the largest stage in the country, having an area inside of the curtain of 8,988 feet.

CONTRABAND.—Address a letter of inquiry to or interview A. Neuendorf, manager of the Germania Theatre, in Fourteenth street, this city.

W. C. T., Rochester.—1. "Onida" is Miss De La Rame. 2. We prefer not to give the ages of actresses, and especially not to decide beauty.

GREEN CLOTH, Holyoke.—It should be the captain's place to decide as to where the men play, unless the manager is a player himself and competent for the duty.

M. T., Providence.—1. Yes. 2. We have not a set of Eleonoren waltzes by Parlow, and the arrangement of the first 16 bars for grand orchestra.

TYPO, Cincinnati.—The failure of Ryan to start invalidates the bet, unless the words "play or pay" were made use of when making it.

SHOO-FLY, Cincinnati.—1. Tom King and Heenan fought in England. 2. The stakes in the Heenan-Sayers fight were £200.

C. COPELAND AND R. SCOLES.—1. Satisfactory. See article in this issue. 2. The account of the race appeared in THE CLIPPER, but certain items must be condensed.

EASTON, Pa.—It is played both ways—either to follow suit always, or to follow suit or trump. It is not a standard game.

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.—There are no recognized champion dancers of any kind in this country.

INDIANAPOLIS.—1. Mary Whitlock. 2. Their domestic affairs should be sacred.

RICHARD, Newcastle.—At mugging, you must play when you can. You cannot draw when you have a piece that will match.

B. H., Brooklyn.—1. Consult Cant. Ferry of your city. 2. We know nothing about the hoax of the ferryboat Corinthian.

J. D. H., Johnstown.—1. Some were patented by Mr. Sharp, proprietor of the Philadelphia Museum. 2. Apply to the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

J. B. M., Westchester.—An ace and a seven having been combined by A to make eight, B could add a deuce from his hand to make 9. Then A could not call his pile "eighter."

CALIFORNIAN, San Francisco.—1. The steamship President was lost in 1841. 2. William Gates, not Thomas, died in 1848.

IGNORANT FRIEND.—No answers as to so-called pinochle with two or more packs. It is an absurd "game" which permits the "melting" of 1,000 aces at any time.

S. H., Rutland.—If all the wagers which have been exhibition affairs, performed in halls, and not authenticated, we have not kept a record of them.

PORTLAND.—Send $1.25 to Ed. James for "The Gamecock."

PEDRO, Cincinnati.—A is out on low. Had B stood at 99, and made high, he (B) would have been out, inasmuch as he also made the points he gave C.

JAS. A. HERLIHY.—Australian Kelly was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., in 1829. He resides in New Jersey. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

W. B. M., Bethlehem.—Being in a moving vehicle, he is taking as safe a ride in one sense.

G. W. F., South Norwalk.—A man can win who bets on "a sure thing," as you call it.

J. H. L. E., St. Louis.—Yes; if the tray comes from A's hand.

HUGH F., New Orleans.—Fellowcraft made 7.29½, at Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1874.

JONES.—There is the difference between a straight flush, a royal flush and a routine flush, except in the names.

W. 4 M., Silkria.—She is an actress, not an operatic singer.

TOM.—No answers as to the wealth of individuals. Judge Hilton may not object. Address him.

MACGUFFIN, Boston.—Seven points can be made in one deal at seven-up.

F. S.—I cannot decide who is the richest man in the United States or the richest man in the world.

FORTNUF.—Masculine beauty is beyond masculine appreciation. Let your lady friends decide.

QUERIST, Troy.—In 6, 5, 4, 7, 6 there is a run of 4 for the player of the last 6.

J. A. Z., Washington.—Two—as surely as there are but four in two pairs of twins.

READER, Windsor.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC, under head of "Miscellaneous."

THOMAS DOHERTY.—The late Ned O'Baldwin stood 5ft. 8¾in. in height, and in thoroughly conditioned scaled 196lb.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—The information will be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. C., Hopkinton.—1. In 2, 3, 5, 3, 4, 3, 4 there is one run. 2. In 1, 4, 5, 5, 5, 6 there is no run.

WALLACE, Toronto.—Ed. James can supply you with Laflin's patent machine. Price, $10, exclusive of duty.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—See answer to "B. H. M." in this issue.

TABLEAUX, Chicago.—The readiest way is for you to call at an art gallery in your city.

M. CORCORAN, Camp Halleck.—THE ALMANAC, which has been mailed to you, will answer the question.

O. A. C., Phila.—George Seward's time for 100 yds., 9¾ sec., has not been beaten.

C. E. B., Wallingford.—Most of them are not set to music.

C. S. M., Dayton.—A card that size—twenty lines—would cost $3 for each insertion.

ELLIX, Baltimore.—If you were on visiting terms with the lady, it was not necessary for you to write the letter.

J. L. B.—He was living a few months ago, and we have not since heard of his death.

M. V., Philadelphia.—He is in Philadelphia and slowly recovering, as we stated a week or two ago.

REAL ESTATE, Chicago.—See dramatic summary of the past and present issue.

SUBSCRIBER.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach her.

C. F., Buffalo.—1. You can have two piles on the board at once. 2. No.

M. K., Erie.—A letter addressed in care of this office will be likely to reach him.

ANDREW, Irvington.—We cannot afford the time to search newspaper files for twenty years.

E. R. T., Cincinnati.—We believe he is. See Memphis, Tenn., letter in this issue.

A REINER.—He is unworthy of such notice as you propose to give him.

E. K. S.—We have more on hand than we have room for.

W. H. M. AND P. R., Phila.—At poker-dice four sixes beat two sixes and three aces.

E. M. GILLAN, Boston.—Frank Robinson's deposit was returnable to him Jan. 28.

C. J. C. HEENAN died Oct. 25, 1873. We believe not. See next week's issue.

AUG. B. SHUTE, Boston.—Out of print. Edwards did not break his wrist, but injured two of his knuckles.

X. X. X., Trenton.—We have not been able to find a customer.

G. H., St. Louis.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC or state the bet.

J. H., New Orleans.—No answers by mail. Jake Hamilton died in San Francisco, Cal., in November, 1877.

TUCKER, Pittsfield.—He could build a second pile before taking in the first.

B. F. M.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, has a larger seating capacity than any other theatre in this country.

BETTING TYPHOS, Galena.—These figures represent a billion—1,000,000,000; and so do these—1,000,000,000,000.

MUNN, Manchester.—Letters addressed to the parties in care of this office would reach them.

F. J. H., Baltimore.—1. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him. 2. Yes.

W. H. M., Camden.—It would take up too much room.

JONES AND RIDEY, Truro.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

SENATOR.—Hon. John Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831.

J. G., Girardville.—Sir Robert Peel died July 21, 1850.

C. K. MOA., Greenville.—He must have a "sight."

C. O. B., Boston.—1. B is out. 2. No precedence.

CORNET, Montreal.—There is usually one there.

A. S., Dennison.—What did you intend to ask?

J. W., Paris.—A must show jacks, or better.

THOS GLAVIN, Syracuse.—None for sale.

MONTREAL.—The books are out of print.

CONSTANT READER, Lynn.—It is no bet.

C. S. N., Dillsboro.—The three aces win.

T. B.—We cannot spare the space.

J. N.—It is a language—the Celtic.

H. H. MCMONIGLE.—Out of print.

W. DONALDSON, Toronto.—No.

DUFF, Norwalk.—You lose.

E. L.—5, 6, 3, 3, 3 counts 18.

G. M. J., Phila.—Feb. 14, 1859.

ST. LOUIS R. C.—Yes.

NO SIGNATURE.—No.

INDOT.—No.

J. F. S.—No.

THE DECLINE OF TRAGEDY.

Comedy has been having things pretty much her own way of late. And by comedy, let it be understood that plays intended to amuse are meant. We have neither the time nor the inclination to split hairs over the definition of a word. It is at least plain that a dramatic work written with a view to make people laugh is not a tragedy. Whether this work be fashioned out of point-lace or brown paper; whether it be embroidered, or coarsely stitched by machine; whether it be good or bad, a success or a failure, artistic or bungling—it may still be considered a comedy. With this understanding, we repeat that the lighter sort of plays have enjoyed the greatest popularity of late. And, as a result, it has been asserted that tragedy has outlived its day—that Melpomene is dying of neglect.

If this were true, it would be a matter for deep regret; but is it true? Public taste changes with respect to amusements as it does in other things. A hundred years ago tragedy was the fashion. The writing of a play was serious business then; and, with all respect to the older English dramatists, it cannot be denied that they have left behind them some remarkably stupid compositions. Even this stupidity was accepted, if not relished, by the playgoers of that day, provided always it contained enough of the solemn and the sanguinary. Within a much more recent date the same sort of thing was craved by the American public—and the craving was abundantly satisfied. The muscular school of acting which Forrest made popular was the school in which ambitious imitators sought to take their degree. But long before Forrest himself had passed away, the glory of Jack Cade and Metamora had departed. Buckskin ceased to be the fabric out of which the dramatist fashioned his work. The new taste was for something of gossamer texture. We got spectacle in floods, negro minstrelsy, variety, burlesque—anything which was froth. The hero of the successful play came, neither wearing the buskin nor flourishing a tomahawk, but with a nosegay in his buttonhole and a different suit of clothes for each act. The lion of the day—the idol of the gallery, able to call forth lusty cheers on the stage, and to compel silent admiration from boys on the street—this lion was worshiped no longer because he roared and slashed and rolled his r's, but because he could sing "Tommy, make room for your Aunty." Elaborate dresses, rich upholstery, handsome women were important features in the new play. Variety halls sprang up all over the country. Amusement-seekers flocked either to the theatre where domestic relations were stirred by French morality, or where novelty, mirth and music combined to fill out the programme. And all this signified—what? That public taste had degenerated, or that the glory of the stage was forever flown? Well, no; we think not. It meant simply that people had tired of too much blood and thunder—sickened of the oversupply of misery and woe. A steady diet of beef awakened in the end a desire for something in the shape of entrees and dessert. Perhaps the reaction was a little too sharp. Just as the religious liberalism of Massachusetts makes the severity of the Puritans seem less objectionable, so the excess of froth which has bubbled over the theatrical cup excites a desire for something more substantial. However, comedy, in its broadest sense, has had a jolly time of it, and nobody ought to complain because of the fact. Tragedy is not dead. There will always be a certain degree of public interest in the more serious forms of dramatic art. This art must remain the noblest possibility of the stage. To mirror the intenser passions of the human breast demands of the actor higher gifts than are needed to make men laugh. But from this general proposition it does not follow that by treading in exalted paths a man necessarily exalts himself. The art does not make the artist. Bret Harte turned the rough life of a miner's camp into true poetry. Out of the coarsest material, Frances Hodgson Burnett wove the exquisite fabric of "That Lass o' Lowrie's"—one of the best stories ever written by an American woman. So with the actor—if the power is his, he can make whatever he touches artistic; but he can never become an artist by the mere assumption of lofty character. Joseph Jefferson is content to play Rip Van Winkle, but the Count Joannes essays only Shakespeare. In a word, tragedy is not high art on the stage, unless made so by its interpreters.

THE CLIPPER holds that it is much better to have light plays—provided always they are wholesome—well acted, than to have Hamlets who rant and Othellos who roar. Tragedy will never outlive its day. If it has failed to find many followers of late, the reason lies in the fact that it was overdone in the past. A good deal of sympathy has been wasted upon the decline of Melpomene. That sturdy Muse stands in no need of commiseration. She has numbered among her suitors the most illustrious actors of all times, and this she will continue to do while the stage endures. Theatre-goers of the present day are fully as intelligent and quite as critical as those of the past; more than this, they demand a greater variety of amusements, and they are getting it.

MANY of our fancy-store windows are made gorgeous by a seasonable display of red and dripping hearts, chubby little yellow cupids, crimson daggers, and the various paraphernalia that go to make up a complete collection of love's tokens in the shape of valentines.

SEEING THE LEGEND "Ladies Entrance" in front of a fashionable restaurant, a stranger exclaimed: "Of course they do, and that's the place for me." Whether he was entranced more by the ladies than by the clam-chowder he got there, history fails to enlighten us.

THE GENTLEMAN who has been patiently waiting to exchange his sleigh for a ton of coal succeeded in negotiating the exchange while the storm was in progress on Jan. 31. There are a few more left of the same sort to be had on equally easy terms.

THE PENNSYLVANIA POLITICIANS who attempted to revive "pipe"-laying in that State were laid out cold and stark, and they'll pipe no more.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Notwithstanding the extreme care taken to insure absolute accuracy in the compilation of the tables of fastest records for THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, we have detected two or three errors therein. These inaccuracies are not the result of lack of care, but, except in a solitary instance, are due partly to our failure to earlier obtain information regarding fractional parts of races in England in which previous times were beaten, and partly to uncertainty in regard to the authenticity of other reported performances, of the correctness of which we have since been convinced. To prevent our readers being misled, we herewith make the necessary correction, advising that the same be pasted in the ALMANAC for future guidance. We would also again remind those interested that only actual winners of events, or of heats forming part of an event, are given a record; those who fail to accomplish what they undertake do not get a record, either in handicap or level races. The recording of two distinct times (except for the purpose of comparison or the use of handicappers) in handicap races, though the losing scratchman may have done a really better performance than the winner, is calculated to lead to confusion, and oftentimes results in pecuniary loss by a chase who are entitled to protection.

Pedestrian—Running—1,320 yards, 3:14¾, W. Slade, London, Eng., March 26, 1877; walking—6 miles, 46:28½, H. Webster, London, March 26, 1877. *Rowing*—3 miles, 4 oars, turn, shell-bottom boats, gunwale, 19:59¾, Lakeman Club, Plympton, Mass., June 13, 1877. *Turf*—Hurdle-racing—2 miles, 3:47½, Port Leonard, aged, 140lb., Nov. 13, 1877.

IF NATIONS could fight their battles as safely and as economically as Master Burke of Louisiana and Little Billie Chandler of New Hampshire have been settling their thirst for gore, weapons of war would be at once converted into implements of agriculture, and mourning would be turned into merry-making. Having a cause of war on hand, Master Burke and Billie Chandler fought at long range, the former casting his slurs from the telegraph office at New Orleans and the latter striking back from this end of the line. In this way a noble victory was gained, no useless lives were sacrificed, and the world looked on and enjoyed the rare spectacle. Thus, from day to day, we witness the spread of civilization, and become better citizens through the ennobling influences of our great men.

THE STORMS of last week played hob with the legitimate in this city, and the managerial eye was moistened with wet as he beheld his prospective in-comes being wafted away on the gossamer wings of the crystalized snowflake. The man who holds a season-ticket was not to be deprived of his rights by storms or anything else; so he was on hand early, though he had a lonesome time of it. The variety element turned out pretty lively, and the temples devoted to this popular branch of our amusements were not greatly affected by the beautiful snow.

THE STRONG ARM of Jersey law is endeavoring to detect the murderer of Armstrong; and though the clues point thus and so, there are links wanting to make the connection complete. A hammer bearing the initials of his name sent one man to prison, while life-insurance policies came near being the death of another. New Jersey cannot afford to fail in this case. A State that can convict prize-fighters without much trouble should be able to lay its hand on the murderer of Armstrong, or public opinion will express itself in outspoken language.

BROTHER MERRITT of *The Journal*, Highland Falls, N. Y., is doubtless unaware of the fact that he has been grossly imposed upon by some West Point-er dog; the Flora Temple poem, which appears in *The Journal* of Jan. 26, having been published in THE CLIPPER of Jan. 12, for which paper it was originally written. Should Brother Merritt be able to lay his hands upon the West Point plagiarist, we would suggest that he take him to one of the most lofty points in that region, and give him one of those High-land falls which have made Orange County famous.

IT MUST NOT be supposed that, because the water is *hard* and lumpy just now, our champion scullers are quietly resting on their oars and laurels—nothing of the sort; they are all hard at work preparing for the coming season, which promises to give them plenty to do. The people are manifesting greater interest than ever in aquatic pastimes. As you pass along Fifth avenue of a pleasant evening, you may hear whole squads of young ladies singing "Lightly may the boat row that my lad's in!"

SCENE: Broadway—*Time*, Saturday, after the big storm—*Dramatis Personæ:* First and Second Man.

First Man—Mornin', Rudderson. Rather rough walking, this.

Second Man—Mornin', Squiggs. I never saw such infernal walking.

First Man—Nice overhead, though.

Second Man—Yes; but a man can't what-overhead! [Exit two men.]

CLEOPATRA'S other Needle is to be planted on the banks of the River Thames, the proper site having been located. Now, then, the American mouth is watering for *our* Needle. What is the prominent gentleman of New York about that he permits the pinfeathers of the American eagle to trail in the dust, instead of rearing the other obelisk on our own soil, as he promised to do? Are we serfs, or only peers?

THEY HAVE BEEN crying peace at the seat of war, but fighting has been going on nevertheless, and Russia has been crowding the mourners to the wall. Hadn't this thing better be stopped before it goes any farther? Where are the societies that stop the slaughter of pigeons and game chickens? Why not make an effort to stop the slaughter of our foreign relations?

SHOULD YOU SEE flags floating from the street cars and stages with the legend "The Ball's Up!" inscribed upon them, you must not imagine that the same refers to baseball. For that sport the season has not yet opened.

WHEN, three or four months ago, we predicted the great snowstorm that pounced down upon the metropolis on Thursday of last week, the wiseacres ridiculed us. But where are they now? Revenge *is* sweet!

IT IS PROBABLE that the "old man" will now apply for a commission to inquire into the sanity or otherwise of his sons. Thus will Lord and Hicks secure the "age" on the youngsters.

HAVE YOU heard the latest report about Dion Boucicault? No? Well, they say that he is going to write a *new* play! Mind, we don't vouch for this—we merely give it as we heard it.

WHEN A MAN is kicked to death by an unfriendly adversary, would it be in strict accordance with truth to assert that the deceased met his death at the *hands* of an assassin?

IS IT proper to call them *life-saving* stations when they save nothing but such portions of the cargo as may be washed ashore from wrecked vessels?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Jan. 28: Silver League caucus in Washington.....Took up collection and held communion of spirit with Gen. Butler.....New Jersey State Prisons to be investigated.....Stanley Matthews' silver resolution passed the House. The members who didn't vote believe silence is golden.....Anderson of the Louisiana Returning Board put on trial. Madison Wells still missing.....Chandler, William E., telegraphed to Major Burke to corroborate his political-bargain story. Now, Major!.....Excise-commissioner Morton of this city appeared before Gov. Robinson to answer questions. He didn't mention the whereabouts of Owen Murphy.....Chicago man discovered to own a big cauldron in which he boils human bodies.....No Irish-Republican in the bodies in Chicago.....Brooklyn's Mayor preferred charges against Commissioner of City Works John W. Flaherty.....Eight prisoners tunneled out of the county jail at Columbus, O.....Henry Hickey, aged 11, convicted of murder in Boston.....City news: Testimony in the Duell-Clark Assembly contest closed; Bob Ingersoll talked on the liberty of man, woman and child; Joseph Ernstman died in the Delancey-street police station; twenty-four men to test Mr. Lord's sanity; the Commercial Bank brought its brief career to an end; Sebastian Bollier cut his throat in Broome street; endorsing notes led Charles H. Zorn to commit suicide..... Too much soothing syrup killed a Brooklyn baby.....By cable: Viscount Sandon succeeded Lord Carnarvon in the British Cabinet; Havana prisoners liberated on the day of King Alfonso's marriage; Turks badly beaten by the Servians; the terms of peace still unknown.....Thieves took $10,000 from a Brooklyn broker's desk while the clerk was talking with a lame man outside.....Fires: Building at Worth and Elm streets, this city, damaged to the extent of $85,000; business block in Montclair, N. J.—loss $50,000; street-car stables in Cincinnati, with hay and grain—loss $10,000.

*** Jan. 29: Coinage of the trade dollar to be resumed.....A jury for the trial of Anderson in New Orleans secured.....The House passed a resolution excluding visitors from the floor..... Gen. Butler replied to an anti-silver petition in Congress by reading from the Bible.....Rumors from New Orleans of an indictment against Secretary Sherman, growing out of the electoral count.....The New York Senate passed a resolution denouncing the Bland Bill.....Frank Leslie arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of criminal libel.....Brooklyn boy run over and killed by a carriage containing college girls.....E. J. Wilson blown into small pieces by nitro-glycerine at North Adams, Mass.....Two trains on the Canadian Grand Trunk Railroad telescoped near Breslau. Fireman killed.....Frank Lynch, who dropped his two-year-old child into the Allegheny River, arrested at Pittsburg, Pa., just as he was about to jump into the stream himself.....Benjamin Hunter arrested in Philadelphia on suspicion of having murdered James N. Armstrong in Camden, N. J.....Many of the striking Crispins in Lynn, Mass., returned to work.....Freight train burned on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.....City news: Mass-meeting to protest against reduction of teachers' salaries; application made for the arrest of Receiver Jewett on the charge of perjury; Edwin J. Dunning's liabilities $1,854,450; Jacob Reichmann murdered by Theobald Fluck in a Forty-ninth-street brewery; Bob Ingersoll eulogized Thomas Paine; William Alien Butler and Howard Potter made addresses against any change in the Excise laws; Grand Jury dismissed Marshall Curry's complaint against Police-captain Williams; James Fitzsimmons, aged ten, killed by a freight train in Thirtieth street.....By cable: J. & G. Ritterhausen, the Hamburg cotton-dealers, have committed suicide on account of failure; Malka rebellion in South Africa spreading; Greece threatened with insurrection.....A fire in Ogdensburg, N. Y., destroyed a business block.

*** Jan. 30: Major Burke went for Chandler's scalp. The Major appears to look upon the Congressman as a mere quantity.....Train on the Harlem road stoned to roughen. Conductor got off and gave chase. Didn't catch 'em.....College Committee appointed, with Prof. Eliot as chairman.....Mexico paid us $300,000. "Us" means the Government.....Grave-robbers in Milford, Pa.....Prof. Hall named Mars' moons Dennus and Phobus. That's Greek for Flight and Fear. Yet Dennus does not sound Greek.....The House voted against a reduction of the whiskey tax. Not so easy to put down the tax as the whiskey..... Member of the Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn, sued his colonel for $20,000 damages.....Six members of the Hoboken Council under arrest. Alas for Hoboken!.....Conductor John Gillespie killed on the railroad at West End, N. J.....Eleven shots fired in a New Orleans fracas to wound one white man and a negro.....New York Senate confirmed Benjamin S. W. Clark as Superintendent of Public Works.....Twenty-eighth Regiment of Brooklyn passed in its checks and its muskets..... City news: Receiver Jewett gave bonds to appear on the charge of perjury; Republican Central Committee adopted resolutions against silver; Board of Education took action in favor of reducing teachers' salaries; Addie W. Oakman, a pretty young woman from Boston, said that she had been drugged, robbed and outraged; twenty-six students graduated by the Eclectic Medical College; Policeman Biell got a gold medal from Congress for saving eighteen lives; the Rev. T. E. Freeman fell dead while eating his lunch; trunk-line railway presidents agreed on freight rates.....Philadelphia fruit-vender killed in a business row. The apple of discord ruined that pair.....By cable: Big mass meetings in England in the interest of peace; 150,000 refugees in Constantinople—riot feared; Russian steamer Constantine sank an Ottoman steamer with a torpedo.....Building No. 546 West Fifty-seventh street, this city, destroyed by fire—loss $10,000.

*** Jan. 31: Steamer Metropolis, from Philadelphia for Brazil, wrecked near Kitty Hawk, off the North Carolina shore. One hundred and fifty lives thought to have been lost.....Bark Etta M. Tucker, from Rio Janeiro for New York, wrecked at Ashbury Park, N. J.....The New York Assembly Committee to report favorably on the Daly Excise Bill. The trouble in the excise business appears to be mightily.....Congressional tribute to Henry M. Stanley.....Ex-Postmaster-general Jewell robbed in a Baltimore hotel.....Officers of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company on trial in Paterson, N. J.....Three men buried alive in a mining shaft in Dubuque, Ia..... Woman murdered in St. George, Me.....Burglars blow open a bank vault in Deep River, Ct., but got only a little silver.....Two boys drowned in Rowley Harbor, L. I.....City news: Mr. and Mrs. Lord emerged, through affidavits—been in the Fourteenth-street house all the time—the venerable bridegroom obtained an order to show cause why the lunacy proceedings be not set aside; Charity Ball at the Academy—brilliant, but; the largest snowdrift of the season; snowstorm, high wind and first sleighing of the season; Excise-commissioner Morton removed by the Governor, which sweeps the board; Mrs. Oakman's story grew a good deal mixed; Edward Oliver, no home, found dead in a Christopher-street stable; Peter Cooper to found an Cooper Union; Fire Lizmore's springs, S. I.; Rachel Levy died from burns received in the Mott-street school; David Brinkley died while sitting in a West-street barroom.....By cable: Debate on the vote of confidence begun in the British Parliament; 2,000 operatives locked out at Manchester; Austria friendly to Russia..... Firm: E. M. Holmes & Co., furniture establishment and adjoining building-loss $400,000; injured—loss about $365,000; H. P. & W. F. Smith's drygoods house in Philadelphia—loss $400,000; Amelung's pork sheds in South Brooklyn, lighting up the lower part of the city—loss about $15,000.

*** Feb. 1: It was learned that the wrecked steamer Metropolis sprang a leak and was driven ashore in a sinking condition. The loss of life was about one hundred.....Representative Baker accused the doorkeeper of the House of misconduct. Trouble would seem to hinge on the door.....The bark Etta M. Tucker, ashore off Asbury Park, N. J., went to pieces. .....Sea swept over Coney Island, washing away two houses.....Snowstorm in the Southwest; serious damage to property at Long Branch. .....Train thrown from the track between Boston and Newburyport, Mass., while attempting to force through a snowdrift. Three men dangerously injured.....Three men hanged—Joseph Woods, at Malone, N. Y., William Wienert, at St. Louis, Mo., and Phillis Watson, colored, at Cincinnati, O.....Trestle over the Raritan River, N. J., gave way. Engine in the river and one man killed.....A $300,000 failure in the boot and shoe business in Quebec..... Schooners Nellie Bloomfield and H. G. Bird collided off City Point. Two men lost.....City news: Snow in the principal streets converted into channels of slush; Mr. and Mrs. Lord threw open their house; the steamer Neversink burned in the East River—what shall it profit a boat to never sink, but burn? ex-Excise Commissioner Morton explained the impossibility of being a dove in a nest of crows; big meeting of silver advocates at Cooper Institute—General Ewing among the speakers; Peter Gubbins fatally injured by falling from a scaffold on a North-river pier; thieves broke through the window of a Third-avenue jewelry store, grabbed $500 worth of rings and watches, and ran—one of them into the arms of a policeman.....By cable: Greece would be satisfied with nothing but gobbling Turkey; preparations for peace said to be completed.....The brig Chattanooga parted off the mouth of the Patuxent River, Md., four of the crew going down.....The explosion of a kerosene lamp caused the destruction of a tenement-house in Paterson, N. J.

*** Feb. 2: The storm did serious damage at Rockaway Beach, L. I.....The stories of survivors to show that Lloyd's steamer Denmark was unseaworthy.....Fund for the poor of Hoboken, N. J., exhausted. Great suffering among the poor.....All hands lost in the wreck of the brig C. C. Overton off Ocracoke, N. C.....Benjamin Hunter committed at Philadelphia for the murder of James Armstrong.....Burglars in the Mechanics' Bank building, Newburyport, frightened away by a woman.....Hinkley Locomotive Works at Boston suspended. Liabilities $300,000.....Judge Bradley refused to interfere in behalf of the Louisiana Returning Board.....Two men drowned while attempting to board a boat in Boston. .....George and Joseph Braswell sentenced at Nashville, Tenn., to be hanged.....After unsuccessfully attempting to bribe Walker and his wife, Chauncey Van Shaick, at Bemus Heights, N.

9, 1878.

AND BOYD—A
NGE.
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Hanlan to John Hig-
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"THOS. C. PATTESON.
, Jan. 16."
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N ASSOCIATION.
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Nautilus, R. L. Neville;
S. Smith, R. Stevens.
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amateur sculling associa-
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led of a letter addressed

RDS.
MANUFACTURER.
g snowstorm; two funeral
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OURNAMENT.
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48	34			
225	308	1,477		
4	5 1-3	733	4	
20	39			
200	200			
28-43	3 11-63	708	10-36	
24	33			
	200			
	5 5-39	732	10-36	
	30		4 1-36	

ZAR.
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W YORK, Feb. 4, 1878.
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FRANK E. ADAMS.

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THE RING.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

It will be remembered that in consequence of the "slaughtering" propensities manifested by the competitors, the sparring contests for the amateur champion medals offered by the New York Athletic Club, at the late Winter meeting of that organization, were left unfinished at that time, with the understanding that they would be decided privately at some future period. This was done last week, the final bouts taking place in presence of a select gathering, at 222 West Twenty-third street, on Friday evening, Feb 1. The light weights were first invited to strip, and Theodore Roehner and James Lynch responded, the former being esquired by J. R. Judd, while Wm. Miller waited upon Lynch. The first round was rather tame, the clever work done by Lynch on the defensive eliciting praise, though the few good blows delivered were in favor of his antagonist. Upon facing each other again Roehner resumed his offensive tactics, and as Lynch fell back manaced to plant several sharp hits; this nettled the latter, and, going in for "even," he was adjudged to have done the more execution in the quick and quite severe exchanges that ensued. They were not very quick to resume, but on-e at it they made the most of their time, each man delivering and stopping well; and so even were the points when time was up that the referee, Prof. Berholds, was in a quandary, and requested them to try another round, that he might see his way clear to a decision. Neither was spilin for any more fight, but still they went at each other like a couple of Derby cocks, each seemingly bent upon forcing a decision in his favor by knocking his adversary out; but this neither succeeded in accomplishing, and, Roehner proving the better at this game, he was awarded the victory, Lynch also receiving a medal. The middle-weights were then ordered to get ready, and in a trice the ring was occupied by Edward Mordlinchey and Samuel Haas. The latter seemed overanxious to commence, and sought to overthrow his man by rushing in and bumping him down, for which sort of thing wouldn't work with the cool, slogging customer in front of him, who met him with better than he could show, and finally stopped his rush with a straight hander that laid him on the floor. Mordlinchey's merit he had received in the preceding round plainly riled Haas, and, coming up quickly at the call of "Time," he excitedly dashed in, delivering well with the right at the head, and napping a retaliatory measure in the same region. This brought them at once to short range, and brief, rapid discharges were finished up by Mac with a rifle-shot that again upset Haas, who expressed himself satisfied, and declined to put up his hands any more Haas was overmatched, but certainly did not receive sufficient punishment to make a good man quit, and his friends were rather surprised to see him cut it thus. The champion medal was therefore awarded to McGlinchey. There being no one to stand before larry Buerger in a bout for the heavy-weight championship emblem, he was declared the winner by default, Denning losing the second medal by absenting himself, and Officer Britton securing third. Thus the championships are all held in the metropolis.

JOHN B. BAILEY'S friends packed Music Hall, Boston, on Jan. 28, when an excellent show was given for the benefit of the sable professor of the manly art, who is much respected at the Hub. The boxing was generally first-class, as many as thirty-two of the amateurs and reformers: Prof. Wm. Miller and Joe Goss, Steve Taylor and Prof. Miller, Billy Edwards and Prof. Bailey (wind-up), Patsy Sheppard and Arthur Chambers, Tim McCarthy and Marcellus Baker, John Connelly and Tommy Drohan, Johnny Mack and Sammy Blake, and Farrin and Moore. Miller and Taylor had it very hot, considering the friendship and the finish between Bailey and Edwards elicited enthusiastic applause, Billy coming in for the lion's portion. P. McConville, Al. Murphy, Gallagher and McLaughlin, and Bagley and Dailey wrestled, and little Johnny Drohan swung clubs. Dr. John P. Ordway officiated as master of ceremonies.

OLD FRANK MCINTYRE had a good attendance at his benefit at Alexander Hall, Philadelphia, on Jan. 29, despite the counter-attractions on that evening. The veteran returned his sincere thanks to all who assisted him, particularly Frank Gormley, Jim Murray, Lou Chambers, Billy Eichenbine, Johnny Keenan, Mike Cleary, Dan Hickey, Dan Dougherty and last, but not least, John Cook. Frank McIntyre would have sailed in the ill-fated Metropolis had not the date of his benefit fortunately prevented him.

BILLY EDWARDS is making arrangements to give an exhibition in this city at an early day, and, having observed in a Brooklyn paper a statement that he was afraid to meet Arthur Mullen with the gloves, Edwards says that, to demonstrate the falsity of this, he will upon this occasion be pleased to afford Mullen the desired opportunity to set-to with him. If this offer is acceptable, Arthur is requested to so notify Billy, at 55 West Thirtieth street. If not, Edwards will secure another man to wind up with him.

ABE SMITH has forsaken "the Branch" for the more cheerful air of Philadelphia, and now holds forth at No. 41 East Thirteenth street, where he is proprietor of the "Spread Eagle Hotel," a cosy and comfortable establishment, not far from Broadway. A shuffleboard match is to take place there between a quartet of experts on Monday evening, Feb. 11. Billy Woods and Harry Ransom will oppose Harry Lyons and Harry Gilbert, and the opening shot will be made at 8 o'clock.

DAN CARR, the middle-weight, whose "physical arguments" within the ropes with Brennan, Patsy Mealiy, Mike O'Connor and Jim Taylor have made his name familiar to "the fancy," has set foot in New York, after an absence of some years. He proposes giving an exhibition at Horn's Hall, 53 Market street, on Saturday evening, Feb. 9.

MIKE COBURN is to be receiver-general of stamps at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 7, when a sparring and athletic entertainment will be given, the variety troupe also appearing. The wind-up will consist of a scientific box between Coburn and Prof. Wm. Miller.

GEORGE FAULKNER'S testimonial benefit is to take place at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20. A varied programme, replete with athletic and other attractive feats, will be presented.

PAT MCDERMOTT informs us that he will proceed to Boston, Mass., this week, and feels confident that when he returns he will have the money necessary to secure a match with Prof. McClellan.

THERE ARE LETTERS in care of this office for Owen Mahoney and Prof. Wm. Miller.

BASEBALL.

BALL TALK.

George W. Bracket is getting up a team for the Lynn people. He has four players out of the ten already engaged. He wants a good pitcher and catcher. There is a good ground at Lynn.....New York and Brooklyn will place about ten co-operative professional nines on the metropolitan field in May next. Philadelphia will see this number and go one or two better. Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington will also have small stock company nines in operation, so that, with New York, Elizabeth, Princeton—college club—Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington on the circuit, a traveling League or International team would find a good paying route this way.....Ben Douglas has had "his picture took" for *The Providence Journal*. It looks like the portrait of the good boy who wouldn't tell a lie, "no, not for anything." The menagerie is to exhibit early in April as the happy family from Hartford. Providence has shaped his ends roughly as he hewed them out. "Boss" Hurlburt will not find his old friend Robby Ferguson so amenable to control as he would like. Bob knows a thing or two about baseball and how to run a club, and he is the nicest man in the world to handle in any attempt to come the "bossy" over him.....Geo. W. Bradley, the Chicago Club pitcher of 1877, writes under date of Jan. 31, that he would like to get a position as change-pitcher or short-stop in a first-class club. We understood he had been engaged for the Tecumseh nine.....A grand tournament between two picked nines of the East and West is talked of, to take place at Buffalo next Summer, each team to be composed only of players who are "native and to the manner born" of each section. The latter is to be beaten out of three for two-thirds of gate receipts.....Frank Wordsworth is in the city. He was in the Easton nine of 1874.....Manager Bracket will represent the Lynn Club at the International Convention, and Mr. Bancroft the New Bedford Club. Mr. Butler will be the delegate from Lowell, and Mr. Gorman from the Tecumseh of London. Mr. Sabine will represent the Fall River Club, which is now in process of reorganization for the season of 1878, during which there will be some sharp work with the rivals of New Bedford. The college clubs are already arranging matches for their early Summer season of 1878. Amherst is engaged to play Harvard on June 12 and 27, the latter date at Amherst.....*The Baltimore Herald* says: "The finances of the Baltimore Club, lately published in *The Herald*, have been pronounced incorrect in one or two particulars. The figures were kindly furnished by an officer of the club, and were supposed to be correct. The exact figures are said to be: Gross receipts on trips, $12,292.13, of which $4,776.42 was received from championship games; $2,716.15 from other games in League cities, and $4,797.53 from non-League clubs." By the club's figures it will be seen that while but $4,776 were received from League championship games, $7,471 were received from other games. This sustains the figures published in THE CLIPPER.....The Holyoke Trotting Park is to have a baseball field laid out on it, and a professional club team is to play there. A hundred shares of stock have already been taken.....A first-class professional club will, in all probability, be organized in Hamilton, Ont., with good financial backing. A third-baseman is wanted, and a few general players might also find employment by addressing the manager, as per advertisement.....The New Bedford team for 1878 will be as follows: O. Gurtis, c.; G. W. Bradley, p.; C. C. Waitt, 1st b.; C. A. Davis, 2d b.; W. J. Wood, 3d b.; J. Mattros, s. s.; J. R. Cushon, l. f.; D. Hickey, c. f.; G. F. Gore, r. f.; G. H. Holmes, substitute.....The Nameless Club—legitimate amateurs—had a rousing meeting on Jan. 28, at which they elected the following list of officers: Charles J. Holt, president; H. J. Lee, vice-president; James Pirnie, treasurer; W. E. Smith, assistant treasurer; E. G. Rigor, secretary; board of directors, Messrs. F. O. Nelson, Wm. H. Phillips, J. B. White and A. Spencer Castner.....The Nameless Club have taken the place of the old Excelsiors of Brooklyn, Gotham of Brooklyn again, and also Valentine and Colman. They will have a strong nine for 1878.....Co-operative teams are being organized in almost every city and town where an inclosed field is at command.....It is in serious contemplation by several leading baseball players to organize a regular All-United States Club, on the principle of the All-England Eleven of Cricketers. This cannot be done this year, but in 1879 it is likely to be accomplished.....

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PEDESTRIANISM.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

The six days' pedestrian competition, for which the promoter, Sir John Astley, offers prizes aggregating over £750, is to take place at Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, Eng., during the week ending March 23. The conditions are: Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all comers; each competitor to make the best of his way (run or walk) on foot (without assistance) for six days and six nights—*i. e.*, to start at one o'clock on Monday, March 18, 1878, and finish at ten o'clock on the Saturday night following. The man accomplishing the greatest distance (without assistance) in the specified time to be the champion of the world, and to have entrusted to his keeping a belt, value £100, and receive £500; second, £400; third, £50; and any competitor covering a distance of 460 miles to receive back his stake with an additional £10. Any competitor (other than the first three men) covering more than 500 miles to have an additional £5 for every three miles over the 500 miles, such amount not to exceed £40. The surplus receipts over expenses (if any) to be either divided between the competitors who have covered more than 460 miles in the same proportion as the prizes, or to be given to some charitable institution. Two tracks will be laid down, one 12ft. wide for Englishmen, and one 6ft. wide for foreigners (the former to be seven laps and the latter seven and a half laps to the mile). *The Sporting Life* is empowered to appoint referees, timekeepers, and lap-scorers. The number of competitors will be limited to twenty (the promoter retaining the right of refusing any entry); and should more than the specified number enter, the selection of the twenty competitors is left in the hands of the Amateur Athletic Club and *The Sporting Life*. Each competitor to be allowed one attendant, who may hand to his man refreshments at a specified part of the track, but attendants must keep on the side. The penalty for a competitor wilfully lostling or hindering any of his opponents, or making use of bad language, will be disqualification. The judges appointed to have sole control over the race and any questions that may arise, and their decision to be final and conclusive. All entries, accompanied by a deposit of £5, must be sent in to *The Sporting Life* office on or before Monday, Feb. 18, and the names of the selected competitors will appear in the sporting papers on the Saturday following. The remaining £9 of the entry money to be sent to *The Sporting Life* office not later than Tuesday, Feb. 26. On Jan. 17 Henry Vaughan sent in his name, accompanied by the £10.

A TEN-MILE WALKING HANDICAP, open to amateurs, was decided over a nine-lap-to-the-mile course at Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 12. There were seven starters, and the result was: J. Moore, scratch, 1; W. Fitzgerald, 3min. start, 2; W. Carson, 5min., 3; C. Coates, 2min., 0; J. Webb, 4min., 0; E. Stanhope, 4min., 0; and J. Riley, 5min., 0. The last-named soon went away from Fitzgerald, but in doing so galloped, and was disqualified, leaving Fitzgerald with the lead, which he maintained until the last mile, when Moore, who was by 100 yards; Carson a bad third. Winner's time, 1h. 38min.

DEATH OF C. S. CUSHING.—This well known New England pedestrian died on Wednesday, Jan. 30, in Boston, Mass., of Bright's disease of the kidneys, aged 31 years. He attempted, a fortnight previously, to walk 134 hours, with five minutes' rest in each hour, at the South End Skating Rink, and failed. He underwent a treatment, under the advice of medical skill, and it was the cause of hastening his death, as he contracted a severe cold and a terrible swelling of the scrotum. The latter ailment added to his death he was almost continually throwing up blood.

NOAH MAKINSON of Manayunk, Pa., states that he will back "Rogers" (Scholes) of Trenton to run Wheat any distance from 80 to 120 yards, giving the latter two yards start, for any amount, or that Rogers will accept Wheat's challenge to run 100 yards even for $1,000 on any inclosed ground outside of New York (Pittsburg preferred).

DANIEL O'LEARY completed his walk of 400 miles in 125 hours, at the Highland House, Cincinnati, O., at 10.15 P. M. Feb. 2, 1 hour and 45 minutes inside of the time fixed. Bartlett pulled out after walking 115 miles, and Ryan declined to start.

BARNES of Toronto, Ont., has posted fifty dollars at *The Sporting Times* office, Toronto, as evidence of his desire to try McColl of Galt in a 125yds. spin for $500 a side, the race to take place in Toronto.

WE HAVE LETTERS for G. M. Gardiner and Bill Kendricks.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES

Tom Little, the steeplechase jockey, has arrived in New York from his Winter trip to England. While Mr. Waller in the steeplechase handicap at Saratoga last Summer he was unfortunate enough to fall and fracture his collar-bone. The injury was pronounced trifling, and he found himself unable in consequence to ride as usual across country on the other side, and at once returned to New York to undergo medical treatment. George Evans, the well-known jockey, returns to New York next month. We believe Mr. Pierre Lorillard's stable has retained the first claim upon the services of Lyman A. Hitchcock's stable of racehorses have arrived from Boston, Mass., at the Lexington, Ky., Association Course, to be trained for their coming campaign. It comprises Glasgow, Bloodstone, Speculation, Brother to Limestone, a four-year-old Melbourne filly, a three-year-old War Dance filly, and two two-year-olds by Lexington and War Dance respectively. Mr. Hitchcock's exhibit has made an addition to his stable in the bay gelding Captain Jack, who has a record of 2:27¼. The price paid was $8,000. Joseph Harker has sold to a gentleman in New York the trotting gelding Breeze, the full brother to Bruno and Brunette. He paid $7,000 for him when a colt, and has since refused $10,000 for him.....The trotting division of the Central Tweed, purchased last Fall by Mr. C. J. Osborn of this city for $5,000, recently broke his leg in a collision on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and was destroyed by order of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was matched to trot next July against H. N. Smith's Gossip, by Tattler, seven years old, for $10,000 a side. He had a record of 2:29¼.....W. Armstrong of Philadelphia, the owner of the thoroughbred stallion James A. (full brother to Parole), has purchased of Mr. A. Welch of Chestnut Hill, Pa., the three pretty mares Imp. Lurline by Gemmy di Vergy, Vixen by Vandal, and Nellie Mc-Donald by Colossus.....Fletcher Horn of Nashville, Tenn., has concluded to send his horses to the New Orleans Spring Meeting, where the Louisiana Jockey Club are offering large purses to be run for. Among them is one of $3,000 for a four-mile-heat race, $1,000 for four-year-olds, two-mile heats, with $10,000 added, etc.....James F. Walden has accepted an engagement to train a large stable of Virginia owned thoroughbred colts and fillies at Washington, D. C., this Spring.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB STAKES.—Encouraged by the success which attended their meeting last Fall, the Maryland Jockey Club have added three new stakes to their regular programme for the Spring meeting, which commences May 21. These are the Rancocus Handicap, for all ages, $50 each, half-forfeit, with $400 added if declared, and $800 added, mile and an eighth; the Vernal Sweepstakes, for three year olds that did not win in their two-year old form, $25 each, play or pay, $500 added, one mile; and the Peyton Handicap, for four-year-olds, $50 each, play or pay, with $500 added, mile heats. The weights are to be announced April 15, and declarations to be made on or before May 15.

THE CHARLESTON RACE.—The Winter meetiug of the South Carolina Jockey Club opened Feb. 2. The weather was bad, and the track heavy. The first race was a handicap, one-and-a-quarter mile dash, for a purse of $300. Eight horses started. The race was won by Swananoa, with Egypt second. Time, 2:20. The second was a race for all ages, one and three-quarter miles, for a purse of $300. Four horses started. Ten Broeck would take 5lbs to get a position as change-pitcher or short-stop in a first-class club. We understood he had been engaged for the Tecumseh nine.....A grand tournament between two picked nines of the East and West is talked of, to take place at Buffalo next Summer, each team to be composed only of players who are "native and to the manner born" of each section. The latter is to be beaten out of three for two-thirds of gate receipts.....Frank Wordsworth is in the city. He was in the Easton nine of 1874.....Manager Bracket will represent the Lynn Club at the International Convention, and Mr. Bancroft the New Bedford Club. Mr. Butler will be the delegate from Lowell, and Mr. Gorman from the Tecumseh of London. Mr. Sabine will represent the Fall River Club, which is now in process of reorganization for the season of 1878, during which there will be some sharp work with the rivals of New Bedford. The college clubs are already arranging matches for their early Summer season of 1878. Amherst is engaged to play Harvard on June 12 and 27, the latter date at Amherst.....*The Baltimore Herald* says: "The finances of the Baltimore Club, lately published in *The Herald*, have been pronounced incorrect in one or two particulars. The figures were kindly furnished by an officer of the club, and were supposed to be correct. The exact figures are said to be: Gross receipts on trips, $12,292.13, of which $4,776.42 was received from championship games; $2,716.15 from other games in League cities, and $4,797.53 from non-League clubs." By the club's figures it will be seen that while but $4,776 were received from League championship games, $7,471 were received from other games. This sustains the figures published in THE CLIPPER.....The Holyoke Trotting Park is to have a baseball field laid out on it, and a professional club team is to play there. A hundred shares of stock have already been taken.....A first-class professional club will, in all probability, be organized in Hamilton, Ont., with good financial backing. A third-baseman is wanted, and a few general players might also find employment by addressing the manager, as per advertisement.....The New Bedford team for 1878 will be as follows: O. Gurtis, c.; G. W. Bradley, p.; C. C. Waitt, 1st b.; C. A. Davis, 2d b.; W. J. Wood, 3d b.; J. Mattros, s. s.; J. R. Cushon, l. f.; D. Hickey, c. f.; G. F. Gore, r. f.; G. H. Holmes, substitute.....The Nameless Club—legitimate amateurs—had a rousing meeting on Jan. 28, at which they elected the following list of officers: Charles J. Holt, president; H. J. Lee, vice-president; James Pirnie, treasurer; W. E. Smith, assistant treasurer; E. G. Rigor, secretary; board of directors, Messrs. F. O. Nelson, Wm. H. Phillips, J. B. White and A. Spencer Castner.....The Nameless Club have taken the place of the old Excelsiors of Brooklyn, Gotham of Brooklyn again, and also Valentine and Colman. They will have a strong nine for 1878.....Co-operative teams are being organized in almost every city and town where an inclosed field is at command.....It is in serious contemplation by several leading baseball players to organize a regular All-United States Club, on the principle of the All-England Eleven of Cricketers. This cannot be done this year, but in 1879 it is likely to be accomplished.....

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CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

We are promised a very lively cricket season in 1878, and the first and probably the most important event of the season will be the visit of the Australian team to the United States, en route to England. The Australian cricketers will take steamer from Melbourne so as to reach San Francisco by the middle of April, where they are engaged to play a united eleven of San Francisco, and an All California team, on the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, which are now in progress of preparation for the occasion, the ball field having been plowed up and new turf laid down over it, so as to make it suitable to lay out wickets on. The ground will be ready for use by April 15, and the cricketers are not expected until the 20th at the earliest. From San Francisco they will come East, and probably stop at St. Louis to meet a united eleven of the West before encountering the clubs of Philadelphia and New York. *The Melbourne Times*, in an article on the subject of the Australian team, gives the following list of names as composing the United Eleven of Australia. New South Wales sends the swiftest bowler of Australia in the person of Spofforth, with Garrett as an effective change bowler, and Murdock as a change-wicketkeeper, together with Bannerman, the strongest bat of the new country, assisted by Garrett, Gregory and Thompson. Victoria sends first-class left-handed bowlers in the persons of Allan and Kendall, and very effective right-hand bowlers in Midwinter and Boyle. Also a very fine wicketkeeper in Blackham, and a good change-bowler in Horan. It will be seen that the Australian batteries, therefore, are well mounted. Tasmania sends a tip-top bat in the person of Bailey, who is also an excellent utility man or "all round player." This team opened play in a training series of contests with Australian club elevens on the 9th of November last at Brisbane, which club team they easily defeated in one inning. From Brisbane they went to Sydney, and from there they were booked for Maitland and Bathurst, their last match taking place in Melbourne. It was anticipated that Evans—a sort of Australian Grace—would have been in the team, but he could not leave the country on account of health considerations. The St. George Club of this city will have to wake up earlier this coming season than they are accustomed to, to be in readiness for a grand match early in May next. These Australian matches will give quite an impetus to local cricket, and give the game another good push towards a permanent popularity in our midst.

THE PROPOSED VISIT of a Philadelphia cricket eleven to Bermuda, in March next, has been indefinitely postponed.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC CONVENTION.

Pursuant to call, representatives of the clubs hereafter named met at the Knickerbocker Cottage, this city, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, for the purpose of forming an athletic association, to be composed of amateur clubs; American, Amateur, Electric, Fanwood, Greenpoint, Harlem, Manhattan, Police, Flatlsfield, Scottish-American, Short Hills, and Yonkers Athletic; Mystic and Nautilus Boat Clubs. J. W. Carr, of the Manhattan, occupied the chair, and stated the objects sought to be attained in the formation of the proposed association, which were, in the main, the regulation of the championships and consideration of the question of uniformable entrance fees. The following gentlemen were selected to form a committee on by-laws: John Gath, American; F. D. Clarke, Fanwood; Wm. Childs, Nautilus; E. Mclean, Harlem; H. Gilfins, Mystic; and T. S. Ferguson, Yonkers; M. M. Forrest, Scottish-American. This committee is to meet on the evening of Feb. 6. It was moved and carried that any club applying for admission should have a constitution and by-laws and a stated place of meeting; also that no club should be entitled to send more than three delegates. The name of "American Association of Amateur Athletes" was suggested as an appropriate title and will probably be adopted.

As far as the "entrance-fee-not-returnable" question is concerned, there does not appear any necessity for legislation in opposition to it, as the amount fixed is seldom, if ever, large enough to cause inconvenience to those wishing to compete, and is calculated to produce a greater number of starters than were no fee demanded. The past meetings under the auspices of the N. Y. A. C. demonstrate the truth of this, and obviate the necessity of citing other instances in support of this view of the question. As regards amateurism, it is not in the slightest degree affected by the system, and surely intending competitors should not object to contribute their mite toward defraying the incidental expenses of meetings held for the purpose of encouraging perseverance in the pursuit of athletic exercises, and which have an undoubted tendency to spread and strengthen the interest felt by the public in the sports to which such competitors are devoted, and naturally must work to their purpose. It is also stated that one of the objects of the association is the "discountenancing of all exhibitions gotten up for the purpose of making money." The language is plain enough, but still the exact meaning of this is not quite clear. No athletic club,

AFTER THE OPERA—LA TRAVIATA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SCHUYLER BRIGHTLY.

Through heart and brain still thrilled the minor key,
As Harry hoarsely whispered: "Ah—the lost!
Yes—*ditto,mo!* Drink's the only sea
In which to drown a love that's tempest-tossed!"

So, vanishing between the acts, he went,
Oppressing me with weight of hopeless love;
So, coming back, he o'er my shoulder sent
Deceptive perfume of the fragrant clove.

Could I be blamed for letting ma arrange
To make me a well-settled, wealthy wife?
Harry was best of "German" partners; strange
He could not see he would not do for life.

True, he was handsome, ardent, stylish, young;
Ma's choice was not "good form," and—well, yes—old;
Cupid o'er Harry fancy's roses flung;
But, through the other, diamonds gleamed, and gold.

"La Traviata" finished. Harry came
To shawl me in the lobby. He, who soon
Bestows on me his fortune and his name,
Wisely oblivious seemed to our last "s'poon."

Harry had something in his throat; but what
I could not tell—*amore*, or crushed emotion;
He very much resembled Romeo—not
In th' early acts, but when he'd drunk the potion.

He somewhat thickly muttered: "Was it all
Between us over—ended—*Traviata?*"
I feared it was. He said that he would call
Himself on true love's shrine a bleeding martyr.

And yet our carriage, in the park to day,
Met Harry whirled past by a splendid team;
And he looked very wide awake and gay
For one so rudely wakened from love's young dream!

THE GREEN CURTAIN:
A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

CHAPTER V.—A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

Old gentlemen who reside in drowsy villages have two important duties which must be performed every day—they must go to the post-office, and they must see the evening-train arrive.

Mr. Septimus Thorne, the father of the young man we parted with in the last chapter, was now standing on the platform of the railway station at Slowton. The train was not due till 5.41; but the old gentleman, in common with the people about him, seemed rather surprised that it did not come in before that time. He had no particular reason for anticipating that remarkable departure from the regular schedule except his own impatience; but on the whole he resented the delay, and walked up and down with his hands behind him, scrutinizing the clock in the telegraph-office every time he passed it, and nearly driving the operator out of his senses by asking him, at short intervals, "If she wasn't a little late to-day." As it happened, she *was* late, for this once, and, mingled with his impatience, old Mr. Thorne felt an inward triumph. He had been to the post-office that morning, and had received a long and enthusiastic letter from his son—a composition he had read over very many times, and each time with renewed interest; but now, having nothing else to do, he took it from his pocket and read it again. These words had cost Leslie but a few minutes to indite, but he did not know the pleasure they gave. Mr. Thorne, smiling with happiness, blowing his nose with snorts of triumph, read once more how his boy was rising in the world, and all about that wonderful play, which was shortly to be produced and bring its author so much honor, and, perhaps, more substantial reward.

All in a glow was the old man when at length the whistle blew and the delayed train came steaming up, and before he put away his spectacles he was obliged to wipe the moisture from them. An acquaintance descended from one of the carriages—a Frenchman by the name of Randoce, who lived in the village with his wife and family, and who was the traveling agent for a silk factory in the city of Lyons, France. M. Randoce was an elderly person in appearance, and a little lame. He had the tonsure of a monk, and the scant hair that fringed the dome of his head was gray—almost white, indeed. His face had a hollow and sunken look, as if from excessive fatigue, which was not surprising, as he passed most of the time traveling all over the country in the pursuits of his business, and so must be expected to show the effects of nights spent in a sleeping-car and meals eaten at indifferent hotels. To those that did not know him Randoce might have seemed a little reserved and peculiar. He was particularly shy of strangers. But to others who had made a tolerably close acquaintance with him he appeared a good-natured, perfectly honest man—a little dull, perhaps, ignorant of most subjects outside his business; but industrious, a good husband and a good father. Of his wife and children he was extremely fond, surprisingly so to his colder neighbors, who did not understand that order of temperament which causes a Frenchman to display his affection openly, while the Englishman and American hide theirs as if it were something to be ashamed of. In the case of Randoce, there was another reason for the unusual love he seemed to bear those who were related to him, namely, his frequent absence from their society, often for weeks at a time, while he was attending to the agency for the Lyons silk factory.

When old Mr. Thorne greeted him as he descended from the railway carriage, he answered cordially, speaking with a strong French accent; and the train having proceeded on its way, the two left the platform together, and walked side by side up the lane to the village, a short distance off, where they both resided. Mr. Thorne was voluble. He read his son's letter aloud to his companion, who listened with an amiable affectation of interest, although it would have been perfectly clear to a stranger that the theatrical world was one which he had never visited, and in whose concerns he was far from being absorbed. But is there anything so unfailing as Gallic politeness? Kind-hearted Randoce pretended to be charmed.

"I am so glad! I congratulate you. He will be one day in ze temple of Fame beside ze grand masters Moliere and Corneille! He will be ze companion of Villiams Shakespeare himself."

Mr. Thorne shook his head with plaintive modesty, yet on the whole, in his heart, he agreed with the extravagant eulogist at his left hand.

"And it's in five acts—think of that!" he said. "'Hamlet' is only in five acts, if Shakespeare did write it. I knew my boy was bound to rise, sir—bound to come to the front—some day. You and I must go up to town and see that play, Randoce."

"Ah, Monsieur Thorne, what pleasure it would give me!" answered Randoce, with a shrug, a grimace and a deep-drawn sigh, as he limped along. "I need not tell you zat, you know. But it is a thing desired. I am a slave in ze galleys, and I have not one minute of my own."

"And business is fine, of course?" asked the old gentleman, recollecting his neglect to politely inquire upon that point.

"Indifferent, pretty fair, considering all zings."

And now they reached the top of the hill, where stood the pretty cottage inhabited by the Randoce family. At the gate stood madame, with her eldest daughter and two younger sons. A third son, who must be a well-grown man now, had years ago given trouble to that honest family. He had pierced the tender hearts of his parents by his loose conduct, and had finally ended his dissolute career in the village by running away, since which time no one had heard of him.

Randoce, with a cry of joy, leaped into the midst of his flock, and embraced them all around; and away they chattered in French for a minute, with such a guttural rolling of that liquid consonant without which the language is lost, that Septimas Thorne was bewildered.

A little, dark-eyed lady was Madame Randoce—dark eyes that snapped and sparkled, dark-haired, and dark also in feature. Very pretty she must have been once, and there lingered undeniable remains of that beauty. It was plain that her husband and family were all to her, and that this domestic happiness, of which there were so many evidences, had become in her mind something of a monomania.

"I envy you, Randoce," said old Septimas, rubbing his hands with genuine pleasure. "Always away, and always coming back sure of a welcome! Loved and trusted in all things."

"Ah! he deserves my love and trust in all things, monsieur," said Madam Randoce tenderly. "In the whole course of his life he has never once kept a secret from me."

"Rare man! I honor him for it. You, therefore, never feel uneasy when he is gone, madame."

"Never," emphatically said madame, who spoke much better English than her husband.

"Suppose he should take it into his head to deceive you?" asked the visitor, with a sly smile and a wag of his gray head. "Suppose he should involve himself in a flirtation with any other lady? You know commercial travelers have a great many temptations."

But it became instantly plain that this was not a theme to joke upon here. Randoce tried to appear amused at the suggestion, but not very successfully, and his wife became grave, even a little wounded; so Mr. Thorne, perceiving his error, hastened to explain and restore himself to their good graces. Where there was so much good feeling a reparation of this sort was easy; but Madame Randoce added earnestly:

"If Randoce would take from me his faith and affection, I should be tempted to kill myself—or him!"

"You will have a little supper with us, Monsieur Thorne," said Randoce hospitably. "I insist."

"I'm afraid I should be in the way," answered the old man, inclined to yield. "You and your wife have a great many things to talk over in private."

"Nothing that will not keep," said madame. "You will not be *de trop*, monsieur, I beg you to believe. There is only an omelet, a little salad, some bread of my own making, and some coffee. You will share them to please us."

Septimas, like most old gentlemen, carried an excellent appetite about with him, available anywhere, and this rehearsal of the *menu* rather piqued his accommodating palate. He accepted the kindly invitation, and that beautiful evening made one at the hospitable board of the Randoce family. At length, feeling that to remain longer would be trespass, with many kind wishes and adieus he left, just as the day was closing in and the sweet contralto of the whippoorwill was beginning to be heard in the distant woods. The air had grown a little chilly, and Madame Randoce, being afraid of her rheumatism, preferred to sit indoors, with her husband and family around her. Pleasantly they chatted in their own language, and the silk-agent forgot his cares. Tranquil scene! A happy hour for you all! Enjoy it while you may; for it is the last you shall know.

About nine o'clock, when the younger people had retired, and Randoce and his wife were sitting alone, madame sewing and he falling into a little doze, he suddenly roused himself with some recollection.

"I received a letter to-day which I have not yet read," he said, feeling in his pocket.

"Do postpone it till to-morrow, Alphonse. You look so weary. My heart pities you."

"I think I had better read it, Euphrosyne," he smiled, taking a white envelope from the breast of his coat and glancing at the address, which was in a woman's hand.

"No; put it off, to please me," she pleaded.

"Forgive my impatience—I feel that I must read it now," he answered. He had reason to remember that obstinacy.

With the same smile of listless curiosity, he cuts the edge of the envelope with a pocket-knife and unsheaths the missive within, while his wife observes him with a tender reproach. He reads. His eyes grow dilated—his face turns to the pallor of death. He trembles visibly.

"What is it, Alphonse?" she asks, half rising and very much frightened at his extraordinary emotion.

Instantly he is himself again, and hurriedly crushes the letter in his hand.

"Nothing at all," he replies, trying to resume his former calmness. "How strangely you look at me!"

"Something in that letter has moved you."

"You are altogether mistaken, Euphrosyne."

"Alphonse, you are still pale. If you have heard bad news, do not keep it from me. Perhaps it is some fatal intelligence from our unhappy son, Louis."

"I assure you it is not. The letter is upon business—an order from me to take an immediate journey."

"You will, of course, let me read it."

"I—I must refuse, Euphrosyne. The matter is one which concerns only myself and those who employ me. Women should not meddle with these affairs," he replies angrily.

"Alphonse, for the first time in our life you are deceiving me!" she retorts, approaching him. "You have shown me business letters before, I think."

"I do not remember ever to have shown you one. At all events, this is one you cannot see, and therefore let us say no more about it. You will please return to your chair."

"I demand the letter."

"Do not vex me. Am I no longer master of my own business? You seem to forget yourself."

She raises her apron to her eyes and takes refuge in tears; but he remains unmoved. To say the truth, within the last few moments Randoce has become quite another man. He is very much enraged; but mingled with this anger is there not another emotion—a disquiet, a torture? He will not show the mysterious letter. To end all controversy upon that point for the future, he walks deliberately to the stove, opens the door and thrusts the missive in among the flames; and so, except in his own memory, the secret, whatever it be, perishes. Where is the love, confidence and happiness that reigned in this humble home an hour ago? Gone forever! A dark and sinister shadow has taken its place.

Madame Randoce spends the remainder of the evening crying silently to herself, speaking not a word to the man whom she had never in her life doubted before. As for him, that night he sleeps little. From a light doze he wakes now and then with a moan. In the morning hegoes away early, without a farewell.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CURTAIN RISES.

As the day appointed for the first rehearsal of "Broadway" drew near, Leslie Thorne grew more troubled about the inevitable meeting that must take place between himself and Rose Avimer, whom he had so grossly outraged by his conduct on that fatal night. Twenty times he had written an apology, and as regularly torn it up. In the first place, *qui s'excuse accuse*, as we all know, and a letter in which this sort of involuntary confession appears is a dangerous thing to trust even to the mails. However, he did not quite know how Rose would treat such a document. To receive and keep it would establish a kind of secret understanding between them, which, as a woman who had no mysteries from her husband, she would not permit. Thus she would be obliged to return him the letter unanswered, which, as a man of honor, he must interpret as the end of their acquaintance—a result he by no means desired. Then he thought of calling on her; but would she receive him? He had forfeited all claim to be treated as a gentleman, and also even the plea of mercy on the score of old friendship. She could with perfect justice and propriety shut the door in his face, and might do so.

In all his life he had never felt so perplexed and miserable. He could not even confide in anyone and ask advice, which, after all, whether you mean to follow the advice or not, is a great comfort in trouble. There was no one whom he could trust with such a secret as this—certainly not O'Grady, who was a cynical philosopher, and would turn the whole business into ridicule, and might not, indeed, keep such a rare joke altogether to himself. The young man was then in a hideous state of mind, and the preparations for his play hardly interested him. At any other time the hustle and excitement would have given him the greatest delight. His name was in all the papers, and a furious controversy was going on in regard to the injunction, which had been applied for as arranged, and the new drama was the topic of the hour. "If we don't have a defalcation or a murder to distract the public mind," said Bulmer, "our success is assured. I have been on my knees every night praying for peace and good-will among men—for a few weeks, at any rate."

At length the first rehearsal was duly called, and Leslie presented himself, with a beating heart. He was late, and the company had already assembled, and the stage-manager was growing impatient. Rose was there, M. Foinard likewise. Leslie, in going to the little table near the footlights, where a chair was placed for him, was obliged to pass them, and as he did so he bowed. He could not tell whether she returned the bow or not; but M. Foinard courteously inclined his person—not smilingly, however.

And now the rehearsal began. It was tedious business. In the first act there was but a single scene—a pretty parlor set—and on the usual incident of a murder the drop fell. But the situation was managed with peculiar skill, and aroused the interest of even the actors themselves. In the second act complications arose, and a great many figures were introduced, and now began that tiresome drill-work which is peculiar to all who have any acquaintance with the preparation of a new play. Here Rose appeared. She ran over her lines from the book in her hand, and displayed the mastery she had already obtained in the conception of her character—that intuitive perception of an author's idea which is such a wonderful gift with some people. Once only was she at fault, and this was simply where a momentary doubt arose about the "business" of a situation, and the scene paused while she drew nearer the prompt-table, and, without addressing directly either Leslie or Mr. Dilwyn, the stage-manager, she said, with that pale, melancholy smile habitual to her:

"I think I should take the right corner after that speech, although it is not so marked, to give effect to the entrance of the convict a few lines afterwards."

"Precisely, Miss Aylmer," said Leslie with celerity. "Nothing could illustrate the situation more clearly."

She nodded and returned to her place, and the rehearsal proceeded. This trifling incident, however, had broken the ice, and now Leslie addressed her whenever it was necessary without embarrassment. But all the while he could not help thinking of their very odd position, thinking also that affairs could not go on forever in this way.

During the rehearsal Leslie left as much of the drudgery as possible to Mr. Dilwyn—that is, the portions of the play wherein the minor people were chiefly concerned. The stage-manager's experience was of more value in this quarter than the author's own idea. Certain small parts in every play are performed according to tradition, and there are bits of effect handed down from time immemorial which cannot be dispensed with, at least never are. Instances of this truth will occur to everyone. Leslie, therefore, while these matters were under consideration, found opportunity to leave his somewhat fatiguing post of honor and stroll about elsewhere. He chatted a little with the people—with that amusing wag Larkins, with Mrs. Chudleigh, and also with pompous Mr. Ellerton, the imported leading-man—all the while keeping an eye on M. Foinard, who saw him at liberty, and yet made no attempt to approach. Undoubtedly there was a change in M. Foinard's manner—did he intend it? Was he preoccupied, or apathetic, or was this reserve designed? If the latter, the idea was not comforting, for he must have heard something. What could he have heard, unless *all*, and from Rose herself? And yet that could not be, or his resentment would amount to a more serious matter than mere dignified reserve. A nocturnal adventure of the sort in which Leslie had figured certainly called for graver rebuke than stiffness and hauteur.

It is one of the contradictions of human nature that we should hate one whom we have injured, and feel bitterness against him we have wronged. Leslie began to experience an inward antipathy to this cold, polished French gentleman. He thought him odious. Everything about him was offensive—his doubtful hair, his white teeth, made of porcelain or whatever it was, his rouged cheeks and caulked-over wrinkles. An animated falsehood he seemed. "Such deceptions at *his* age!" inwardly ejaculated the young man, rather illogically, forgetting that it was M. Foinard's age which demanded them. For a little while he stood at the wing, fretting inwardly, watching the figures on the stage with listless inattention, and then made up his mind, if this was to be a breach, M. Foinard should convey the fact more distinctly than he was doing, and should leave nothing about the matter in doubt. Leslie thereupon sauntered over to where that old gentleman was standing, now perfectly alone, his wife being engaged in the third act.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

M. Foinard did not smile according to his wont. His face was as grave as that of a Chinese pagod, as he replied:

"One cannot judge very well as yet; but I retain my first opinion, that we shall have an enormous success."

"Your wife has an excellent conception of her role. A great deal will be due to her."

"She will deserve the credit, since she has so much of the responsibility," said M. Foinard, with the air of one speaking an axiom.

There was something insufferable in this solemn hauteur in a man to whom such a manner had been hitherto quite foreign. It was irritating; and, on the whole, Leslie felt almost like getting up a quarrel with him. But nothing of the kind occurred. Leslie simply withdrew, without showing that he had observed any change in the other's bearing, and resumed his place at the prompt-table.

The rehearsal drearily proceeded, and was not over till nearly three o'clock. Leslie left the theatre, feeling a despondency he had not experienced since the acceptance of his play. For the first time he began to experience those qualms of distrust which every author must suffer in regard to an untried work. He went to his luncheon in dismal spirits, and achieved that reflection without appetite. The rehearsal had made him nervous. The great effects on which he had counted so much seemed, after all, very flat and tame. How can you know positively what will tell with an audience? Even a master-spirit like Buzenval, with all his long experience, was not always sure upon this point, and had had his failures as well as other people. There was his "Lady Langton," written for Maccabov, the Pacific tragedian, about which everybody was so positive, but which had failed, for some cause that was still inexplicable. The play read well, and analyzed, and was as strong a work of art as the marvelous "Connemara Caubeen;" full of vivid situations and pointed effects, and yet it lacked that mysterious magnetic principle which is indispensable. Did "Broadway" possess this occult force? Leslie was half in the mood to demand the return of his drama rather than run the risk of that failure which, to his disordered fancy, now looked inevitable. But, alas! that was out of the question at this stage. The advertisements were already flaming everywhere, the scenery was nearly dry, the ladies had bought their dresses, and, in short, there was no retreat. During the few days that intervened he was alternately elated and depressed. The succeeding rehearsals gradually brought order out of chaos; but the final test was yet to come.

At length the night arrived, finding Leslie in the depths of despair. His first resolution was not to go near the theatre. He recollected many stories in the biographies of dramatic authors, particularly that of poor Goldsmith, who, on the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," rambled in St. James Park till near the close of the representation, ruminating dismally on the probable fate of his comedy. How at last he was prevailed upon by a friend to go to the house in order that he might mark any omission or alteration that might be necessary in the repetition of the performance, and how he had scarcely entered the passage that led to the stage when his ears were shocked with a hiss which came from the audience as a token of their disapprobation of the farcical production of Mrs. Hardcastle being so deluded as to suppose herself at a distance of fifty miles from home while she was actually not distant fifty yards. How poor Goldy, running up to the manager and inquiring the cause of this unwelcome salute, was answered, in Colman's sarcastic tones:

"Pshaw, Doctor! don't be terrified at *squibs*, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of *gunpowder!*" a cruel retort that severed their friendship forever.

"What would the old-time audiences think of some of the modern devices of this kind?" sighed Leslie. "I am afraid they must stretch their credibility to believe in much they will see in 'Broadway.' I shall go to bed early, and leave my disaster for to-morrow."

But this resolution, we need hardly say, was one of those which people make only with the lips and have no idea of keeping. He dressed himself and went out, taking all sorts of roundabout ways to avoid the neighborhood of the theatre and to consume time; but somehow he at length found himself there, although it was not yet eight o'clock. He secluded himself in a box which Bulmer had set apart for him, and through the lace-curtains scanned the audience. The house was already full, and crowds were still pouring in, and the ushers rushed about as if demented. The musicians had been rung in and were languidly tuning up, as if the occasion were nothing more than ordinary, as if no man's future fate hung in the balance. Perhaps Signor Mancini had no particular reason for feeling discomposed. Whatever else failed about the piece, the new music prepared for it was certain to please. In the auditorium Leslie saw faces he knew. With a sudden pang he observed a grim row of gentlemen in the chairs, and among them honest Felix O'Grady. These were the newspaper critics. They were laughing and chatting agreeably with each other; but perhaps the members of the Spanish Inquisition also laughed when they sat in conclave and sent their victims to torture and death.

And now the music plays. How the overture is hurried over, thinks Leslie, although, I dare say, every note is allowed its proper time and value. The last bar died away, and a soft ting-ting strikes upon the expectant ear. What is it? It is the prompter's bell. Some of the people in the audience are quiet; but others are still restless, and a few belated wretches still coming in. What ill-breeding to have lingered till the last moment! But up goes the curtain, and the scene is displayed. Two or three of the minor characters—servants—are holding an animated dialogue; but Leslie cannot distinguish a word they say. And yet, O Heaven! there is wit in that dialogue which now falls lifeless upon the dull ears of the audience—jokes which cost him labor to invent, and which even he himself felt compelled to laugh at. But no one laughs now—they are inaudible. Ladies are studying each other through their opera-glasses, and gentlemen do not seem to be yet settled quite comfortably in their seats. Will the whole performance be dumb-show like this? The play proceeds, and those in front grow more attentive. Mr. Ellerton, the imported attraction, enters, and meets with an immense reception. Although new to the country, he is already a great favorite, and shares the adoring admiration of the fair sex which is lavished upon his rival, Montacute. Quite still and absorbed is everyone now. Other characters appear, and every word they utter is heard distinctly. For the first time in his life Leslie experiences the novel and delightful sensation of hearing his own language delivered from the stage, and of seeing the conceptions of his imagination bodied forth and living before him. He is in a dream, and it does not seem as if it were his work that he witnesses. The action quickens, the dialogue leaps from mouth to mouth, the climax is reached, and down comes the act-drop upon a striking picture. A loud rumble of applause follows from all sides—another sight of the picture is insisted upon, and allowed—and the house settles once more to the buzz of conversation and the exchange of opinion and conjecture. But all is safe now. The success of "Broadway" is beyond dispute. In his delight Leslie Thorne would like to shout, but of course restrains himself.

And so act follows act, each more successful than its predecessor, and the enthusiasm is unbounded. At the end of the third, Rose Aylmer is recalled, and Mr. Ellerton leads her on. At the close of the fourth someone cries out for the author. That gentleman is in a panic. Bulmer appears, seizes him, drags him behind the scenes, and pushes him on before the curtain. He bows, enveloped in a mist, and very awkwardly, he is sure. If he could only bow like Ellerton! But he comes off, and a pair of huge arms are thrown around his neck, and he hears the melodious brogue of O'Grady booming a torrent of compliments in his bewildered ear.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MUSES.

Thou sittest with thy shepherd's staff
In perfect yet unstudied grace,
Thy bright eyes dancing with a laugh,
And beauty mirrored in thy face:
Thou lookest on the world unvext
To find its hidden merriment.

And what were life bereft of thee?—
A surly, crabbed, joyless thing;
For thou, bright muse of Comedy,
About our thorny path doth fling
The mellow warmth of humor rare,
Which melts the freezing touch of care.

Euterpe holds the double-flute,
And musing sits with dreamy eyes,
And while her lyre's voice is mute,
And hushed are all her melodies,
She dreams, perchance, of those who came
To win from her the poet's fame.

The sweetest singers of all times
Have wooed the gentle muse of song,
Have woven into rhythmic rhymes
The fancies which to her belong:
From burning Sappho's time till now
Her wreath has crowned the poet's brow.

THE TAVERN MURDER.

A Wife's Sad Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

"Katie," and my handsome lover caught fast hold of me, "I can wait no longer. Will you be my wife?"

I looked bashfully at the bright, anxious face, so near to my own. Very dearly did I love him, and life would be worthless separated from him. So, giving a last thought to the dear old mother who was always prophesying that Willie May was sure to end badly, I placed my hand in his and answered:

"Your true wife."

Instantly his arms were about me, while passionate kisses thanked me. Mother's voice, calling my name, compelled me to say "Good-night," but not before he whispered:

"I shall see you to-morrow evening, darling."

Very quiet and lonely the old house seemed, and very sad was my dear mother's face as she said, when I had told her my little love-story:

"My child, may your dreams of happiness be fulfilled."

I felt a dread of the future stealing over me as she spoke, but I tried to laugh it off as I replied:

"My dreams shall all prove sweet realities. Only think, dear, we will leave this dull old house, and I shall not be obliged to teach in that tiresome village school."

Just then I was interrupted by a loud, quick knock at the door. Well I knew who our caller was as I hastened to admit him. As I opened the door a gust of wind blew out my candle, but I held out my hand to the great dark shadow standing before me, and said:

"Come right in, Doctor Carlton."

A tall, dark man was our doctor, with gray eyes and black, wavy hair that had many a shining silver thread running through it. "A right handsome man" the village folks called him, with one of the kindest hearts that ever beat under a broad breast.

I sat and listened as he and my mother conversed. How much she admired him! I felt a throb of jealousy as I thought how vainly Willie had striven to gain her good opinion. Oh, I would soon show these unbelieving-hearted people that there was one who did not believe the wicked stories told of the man whose kisses I yet felt upon my lips! Lost in such thoughts, I forgot that I was not alone, until recalled to myself by the doctor's rising to go. I went to the door to light him out. As he bade me good-night he held my hand for an instant, as he said, half sadly:

"Your mother has so nearly recovered that I have no need to call again."

"But you will come just the same? We have so few friends, we cannot afford to lose one," I answered.

He gave an earnest look at my face as he asked:

"And do *you*, Katie, wish me to continue my visits?"

Very frankly I returned:

"Certainly, doctor; and mother will miss you."

He sighed, then abruptly said:

"Good-evening, Miss Barton," and passed quickly down the path and out of sight.

What a beautiful night it was, and how calm and peaceful looked the quiet country-scene! The moon smiled lovingly down upon the earth; the gentle breeze, whose breath was filled with the perfume of June roses, sang softly through the tall trees as they bowed their stately heads to the wind's sweet caresses. Our house was situated about a mile from the village, and the lights from there sparkled and glowed in the distance. I could see where they shone the brightest—at the country tavern. How I hated that place! Little had the village folk known of poverty or want until that was opened; but since that time how many hearts and homes had been made miserable! For there fathers and sons passed their time, spending in drink the hard-earned money that had once made homes comfortable, and wives and children happy. Now, walk through the village, and everywhere could be seen grim want and despair. Surely God's curse would follow the man who hourly, with his blandest smile, placed the deadly poison in reach of the trembling hands that were nevermore clasped in prayer.

Standing there, watching the lights that looked like so many evil eyes, my heart beat painfully as I remembered the stories that came so often to my unwilling ear—how the man I loved passed evening after evening in the vile place. Could he be there now? No! a thousand times, no! I would not wrong him with the thought, and I turned back into the house. When I had taken my seat, with my school-books before me, mother broke the silence by saying:

"Katie, Doctor Carlton loves you. Cannot you see it? Ah, my child, his wife could well be a proud and happy woman."

"Oh, hush, hush mother," I returned. "I must not listen to you. My whole heart is Willie's."

She only sighed as she kissed me good-night.

At four o'clock next day I closed the school-room. Just as I locked the door my lover appeared, and together we started homeward. As we walked slowly along he begged me to name the wedding-day.

"And hurry up, darling," he said boyishly, "and don't keep me waiting; for you know, little girl, your mother has given me enough of that."

He drew me nearer to his side, while his dark, handsome eyes dwelt eagerly on my face. I turned away my head to conceal my blushes as I whispered:

"Let it be, then, in September."

The school would close on the first of July, and I would be free. Very fondly he thanked me, telling me that his whole life should be devoted to my happiness. And so the days flew swiftly by, and brought my wedding-morn—a dull, rainy morning, seeming little like a September day; but I thought not of the clouds and storms without, as, laying my hand in Willie's, I promised to "love, honor and obey." My husband was far from being a rich man, but he could call the farm was his upon which our house was built, and with care we could live in comfort: I took great pride in my pretty home, and was happy at my work, and sang as merrily as the little songsters who built their nests in the tall trees that surrounded it. Only one thing troubled me. After a time I saw that Willie did not like labor of any kind, never thinking of trying to improve what he had.

"My dearest," I would say laughingly, "I am going to send you out of the house, for really you do not take exercise enough for your health."

He would kiss me, saying that I was already tired of him, then would leave me, not to busy himself about the farm, but to walk to the village, soon returning, bringing me a new book or some little thing he thought would please me. I often sat and looked at him as he lay on the sofa reading to me. Very handsome did he appear to my loving eyes, with his broad, white forehead, over which fell short curls of blonde hair, and very boyish; and, as I learned to know him better, as weak as a boy, too, easily led.

So the first Fall and Winter of my new life passed, and Spring approached; but with it a great trouble came to me. My mother sickened. It was with a heart filled with sorrow that I bade Willie stop on his way to the village, and ask Doctor Carlton to call. I had not met the doctor since my marriage, except at church, when he noticed me with the coolest politeness. With the afternoon he came. With eager eyes I watched his face as he sat by my mother's bedside, and was shocked when I saw how grave it grew. He had changed, too, in the past year—he looked older, while his hair was more thickly sprinkled with gray. I followed him to the door when he took his departure.

"Doctor, what is the matter with my dear mother?" I asked.

"Katie—Mrs. May—your mother is very weak, and an old woman."

I caught hold of his hand—my own had turned to deathly coldness.

"But you, doctor—you will save her for me, and I will bless you forever!"

Very gently he laid his hand on my hair, as he replied:

"All that human power can do, my child, I will do, as long as I live, for those *you* love."

Then he left me.

"O my mother, my mother!"

For an instant I waited there, trying to still the awful beating of my heart, and then I went back to her. I knelt in my misery by her bedside, hiding my white face from her sight. Oh, so lovingly her dear hand sought my bowed head.

"Katie, my little Katie, do not give way thus," she said faintly. "Try to think that all is for the best, and pray to the kind Father, who will watch over and care for you when I am gone."

The days went by, and with them my mother drifted away from my loving hold, and the dear lips that had so often blessed me grew white and silent forever. Even now I cannot write of the night she died. Little did I think, as they bore her from my sight, how soon I should thank God that she was not near to look upon the misery of her child. My mother died in June; in July, God sent a little angel to comfort me—a dear son. As I held him in my arms, close to my aching heart, as I kissed the sweet, unconscious face, I thanked Him for his gift, and, for the first time in weeks, answered my husband's smile with one almost as happy.

My baby grew to be six months old. He was a bright, handsome little fellow, with his father's very face, only with more life and color. All at once I noticed a change in Willie that startled me greatly. He had always passed his evenings with me; but now, after our early tea, he would say carelessly:

"Well, Katie, I think I'll take a walk. You won't be lonely with the boy?"

"No," I would reply; "but please don't stay long, dear."

"All right;" and then he would leave me, often not returning until ten or twelve o'clock. Then, upon the evenings that he remained at home, some of the men he called his friends (and who were all many years older than he) would be sure to drop in. So our pleasant readings were given up, and I seemed to be losing the tender lover and devoted husband. What need for me to tell of the next few months of promises made and broken? Night after night he came home mad with the poison he bought at the tavern. What need for me to speak of my bitter tears—my useless prayers? His love for me, his pride in his boy, were things of the past. I was a drunkard's wife. In saying that, I speak the saddest words a wife's lips can utter. Let me hurry on to the end. Among those he called his *friends* was a man by the name of Charles Sherman. He had once been a lawyer, but for the past few years had given up doing anything, and now passed his time in hanging around the country stores or at the tavern. A bold, shameless man, without honor or principle. Some years before my marriage he had offered me his hand, and, upon my refusing to become his wife, had said, while his face grew red with passion:

"The time *will* come, young lady, when you will bitterly repent your answer."

My husband knew all this, but it was this man's society that pleased him best. Once I was foolish enough to ask him to keep away from Willie—to spare my husband. He only returned, while he smiled strangely:

"Am *I* your husband's keeper, Mrs May?"

It was Winter again, the second of my marriage. One night—it was in February—I sat waiting for him whose coming was no longer a joy to me. It had been snowing all day, and was still doing so. As night set in a strong wind had risen, sending the snow in great drifts almost up to the windows. A lonely, dreary evening I had passed, and when I heard the clock striking one, and my husband came not, I felt that I could bear the silence no longer. My baby slept in his cradle. I went to the window and peered out into the cold and darkness. Nothing to be seen or heard save the wild wind as it moaned and dashed itself against the panes. I walked the floor, every sound I heard making me shake with fear. It seemed as though some horrible thing kept company with me, walking with me step by step. I would go and meet him. Surely he was on his way home. I kissed my baby, and, wrapping a shawl about my head, started out. I fought my way to the road through the drifting snow. Nothing to be seen of him I sought. I would go on—better than remaining in the house. As I came near the village, close by the tavern, I heard a cry of distress, coming, as I thought, from within, and then the angry voices of men. With my heart beating wildly, I hurried on and stood before the open door. I looked into the barroom, and what an awful sight met my gaze! Stretched upon the floor was the landlord, while over him knelt his wife, wringing her hands and screaming wildly. From the man's temple flowed a dark stream of blood, running along the floor and settling in great pools even at my very feet. Across the room a crowd of men fought and struggled over some one of their number, who seemed to be lying also upon the floor. As they saw me they separated, and then—O my God!—I saw my husband, torn and bleeding. I rushed to his side, the men making room for me.

"O Heaven, Willie!" I gasped. "What does this mean?"

He looked at me and shook me roughly.

"It means that I am a murderer. Look there!"

I turned towards the place he pointed at. Leaning over the landlord, with grave, white face, was Dr. Carlton. I crept up to him.

"Is he dead, Mr. Carlton?" I whispered.

He started as though someone had given him a blow.

"My God! *You* here?"

I only repeated:

"Is he dead?"

He laid the hand he had been holding down by the man's side, and answered huskily:

"He is quite dead, my child."

I looked towards my young husband. There he stood—blood on his handsome, boyish face, blood on his fair hair, and he was a murderer. I crept blindly towards him.

"Willie, my love!" I said faintly. And then his features grew dim to my sight, and I knew no more.

For weeks I lay unconscious of my trouble. My husband had his trial, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but shot himself in his cell. How he came by the pistol none knew, but he was found dead the morning after his conviction. He left a letter for me, praying my forgiveness for the great wrong he had done me, saying that had he listened to me, instead of to those who had led him on to destruction, he would not now be leaving me and his helpless child friendless. He begged me not to think of the horrible crime he had committed while he was insane with the poison he had been drinking, to remember only the dear old days, to forgive him, as he hoped and trusted God had done. With burning, tearless eyes I read his letter weeks after he had been laid in his grave. And so the end had come. Where was I to look for help? In my madness and despair I cried aloud to my Maker, praying Him to let me die. What had I now to live for? Even as I spoke, Dr. Carlton's grave voice answered me:

"For your child!"

Unnoticed he had entered my room. He came and sat down by my bed.

"Katie, each life has its trials and troubles. Yours are bitter and hard to bear, but in most lives there is always something to which we can turn for comfort. You have your helpless little one; would you leave him?"

His voice, so sad, so gentle, fell upon my ear. I gazed at him—how white and worn his face had become! My woman's heart told me why. The first tears that had fallen from my eyes since *that night* filled them. I said faintly:

"Bring my boy."

He went out and brought him to me. I took him in my arms, and he looked up at me and smiled. O God! his father's very face. No! I could not yet bear the sight of it.

"Take him away!" I cried. "There is no future for him or for me."

I turned my eyes from the pitying face. I closed my ears to the sad voice. What did *he* know of such bitter pain as I suffered? I said coolly:

"Leave me, Doctor Carlton; I wish to be alone."

He sighed.

"Can I, then, do nothing for you, my poor child?"

"Nothing."

Without a word he left me—alone indeed. After he was gone I rose from my bed. No longer would I lie there. My little one crept up to me. I would not notice him; I could not pray; my heart had turned to stone. Days and weeks passed; I hid myself from everyone. My child was left to the care of my servant. I sat in idleness, thinking of nothing but the disgrace that had fallen upon me. I ate and drank when food was set before me, I slept when sleep overpowered me. I do not know how long I should have gone on in this way, had not other trouble come and awakened me. One afternoon I sat, as usual, alone, in the sitting-room. I heard little Willie's voice as he played about the floor. My poor, neglected baby! Suddenly there came a loud knock at the front-door; the servant answered it, and in the hall I heard a man's voice asking for me. She came in, and following her were two men—one Charles Sherman, the other a lawyer who resided in the village. I looked at Sherman. What was *he* doing in my house? He bowed gravely.

"Mrs. May, I have here some papers I wish you to read," and he held them out to me.

"Papers, sir! What have I to do with any papers of yours?" I asked stiffly.

"Upon reading them you will learn, my dear madam," he returned with a calm smile.

"I refuse."

"But you will listen."

And then, for the first time, I learned that the farm and house were mortgaged to him, and had been before my marriage—that I was homeless as well as friendless. I looked at him as he ceased reading.

"And this," I said, "is your revenge."

"You call it by rather a hard name, madam. That your husband received money from me, and took this way of repaying it, is no fault of mine. Lay the blame on him who has brought you where you are to-day."

"Silence, sir," I cried. "Not another word. I will vacate this house to-morrow," and I started to leave the apartment. He sprang forward and placed himself against the door.

"Not yet," he said huskily, his face red with the anger he tried hard to control. Years ago I asked you to be my wife. You may smile, but I loved you deeply, and had you returned my affection I had been a better man to-day. Kate May, I ask you again, will you marry me? Your hus

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she took up the case, and they passed into the outer apartment, which was lighter, to contemplate her treasures.

"Then let them stay in your trunk, and allow some horrible burglar to put them out of reach for you. Just read the papers, you unsophisticated girl, and learn what your chances are of keeping them here. Perhaps you think, if a burglar got in here, he'd allow you to rise and explain about their being your mother's gift, and then let you keep them on that account; or you might ask him if he ever had a mother, and so reform him at once, of course. Why, I am astonished at having to pour out this flood of eloquence on you; but do be a dear, sensible girl, and let it convince you, or I shall be so worried about you that very likely I shall walk in my sleep, and get in here and steal them myself."

"Your argument has certainly had a silencing effect, for I haven't had a chance to get a word in edgewise. However, I suppose you are in the right. See how they sparkle in the sunlight!" and Ethel laid the case on the centre-table in the full light of a broad sunbeam that lay across it. The rays were caught by the gems, and thrown back by them in a bright, prismatic shower of light, like a fairy fountain, and Fanny went into raptures over them, till Ethel suddenly remembered the lace, of which she was almost as proud as of her sapphires; so they stepped again into the bedroom, where the volatile Fanny was soon in an ecstasy of admiration over the delicate, misty tracings of the yellow, cobweb-like fabric. There was a large number of pieces of it. Fanny was an enthusiast over old lace, and lingered over each piece, volubly discussing the merits of the different styles, when suddenly the rapid stream of her utterances was checked by the clear, piping treble of a child's voice, and looking up they saw the figure of Fanny's little sister, Flossy, standing in the doorway, carrying a big doll, which was her inseparable companion, and saying:

"Fanny, mamma wants you to turn wite away, twit as a minnit, too you ought to 'member—somfin' I fordot now!" and off the little one went, with the doll staring back from over her shoulder.

"Oh, I declare, mamma ought to apply strengthening plasters to the memories of her two daughters," exclaimed Fanny as she bounded out of the bedroom. "I promised mamma to hurry right up to her, directly from breakfast, to write some letters for her, which her sick headache prevents her from attending to; and here I've been worshiping jewels and laces instead of obeying my parent. But now, Ethel," she continued, as she caught sight of the sapphire casket, "come out and lock this case, and let me see it sent off to the safe, so that I can tell mamma that I have accomplished one of her wishes at least. I'll ring the bell now for the waiter, but you mustn't trust it to his hands; just get him to summon the landlord."

And, suiting the action to the word, she pulled the bell-cord, as Ethel rose from folding up her lace, and selecting the tiny key from the little bunch of charms on her watch-chain, she came out into the parlor and glanced over to the table, as Fanny exclaimed:

"I've got the casket here. Just lock it without looking at them again, or you'll think you can't part with them, you sapphire worshiper!"

The bell was answered almost immediately, and the little grinning bell-boy despatched to find the landlord, for Fanny knew no half-way measures when she did anything, and she was determined the jewels should be entrusted to none but responsible hands. Very soon a rap sounded on the door, which was opened by Ethel, who was a little startled to see the owner of the handsome eyes standing on the threshold. He bowed with quiet grace and said:

"Mr. Brown, the landlord, is confined to his room to-day by a slight indisposition. I assume charge of affairs during his absence. You wish your jewels deposited in safe?" as his eyes rested on the casket in Ethel's hand.

"Yes," she replied, "and I feel a strange nervousness about sending them away from me. Should they be lost, no money could replace them, for they possess a value to me far above their intrinsic worth."

"And that is considerable," he replied as she yieldied the casket to him, "as the weight of the casket attests; but have no fear, the safe in the office has a guardian night and day," and with a bow he departed, bearing the precious burden.

"Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also," laughed Fanny; "so that princely being is likely to take charge of more than he has the faintest idea of! Good gracious! have I spoken a true word in jest?" she exclaimed, as the rich color surged over Ethel's face, for the events of the last few minutes had slightly shaken her from her usual quiet poise of manner.

"You incorrigible girl! instead of quoting Scripture with such wicked intent, you should remember the fifth commandment. I think, young lady, that 'where thy sick mother is, there should her daughter be also,' would be a better idea for you to meditate on at present. Tell her that I'll be in to see if I can do anything for her in a few minutes," she called after the impulsive girl as she sped away to attend to her delayed duties.

Time passed swiftly to our friends in the pursuit of the usual pleasures at the seaside. Ethel enjoyed bathing, driving, strolling on the beach and dancing, to her heart's content. She was a universal favorite, counted her admirers by the score, but of genuine lovers she would have none. She kept them all at an easy distance by her charmingly frank, straightforward manners. She enjoyed their friendly attentions, but her heart was not touched, and she despised flirting. The ladies looked upon her, at first, with jealous distrust on account of her beauty, and the opportunity it gave her to rival them; but finding she had no idea of taking advantage of such opportunity, they could not help endering her their friendship. Yet, though kind and affable to all, she remained true to her friendship with Mrs. Temple and her family, and did not seek to widen that circle of intimacy; but an event soon occurred which caused them to bring one more into that circle, who had been compelled, thus far, though in the world of fashion, to be not *of* it.

Little Flossy Temple was a spoiled child, as children are apt to be when born to parents well advanced in life. Her father had idolized her, and when he died, as he did very suddenly, when Flossy was but little over a year old, Mrs. Temple's widowed heart seemed to find comfort in indulging every whim of the child as he had done so, when Miss Flossy declared her intention of learning to swim, a beautiful little bathing-dress of scarlet and white was ordered for her, and her tiny form, when arrayed in it, sported in the breakers like some pretty water-sprite; but always, of course, under the careful guardianship of Fanny or some of the older members of the party. One cool day, however, her mother had to refuse to let her go with the others, for she had been troubled with decidedly croupy symptoms on the previous night, and, indulgent though she was, Mrs. Temple had the sense to be firm in her refusal of a temporary pleasure that could only be purchased at the expense of health or life; so the little one was left, sobbing and pouting, at home when the usual merry party went to the beach.

It was Mrs. Temple's custom, in the afternoon, while Fanny was out riding or walking, to lie down with Flossy for a nap. On this particular afternoon she awoke to find it quite late, and Flossy gone—where? She was not in either of their apartments; but Mrs. Temple, supposing that she had only gone to play with some other children, felt no uneasiness till she noticed that a storm was rising, and, fearing that she might be out of doors, she sent one of the bell boys to look for her, while she made her toilet for tea. When he returned, telling her that Flossy could not be found in the hotel or its immediate grounds, she became alarmed, and hurried to Ethel's rooms to see if she knew aught of her. Ethel had been writing, and had seen nothing of the runaway.

The sky was now black with clouds, and the wind came in heavy gusts, causing the anxious mother to shudder with fear for her child, when, just as she had declared her intention of going out to look for her herself, a slight bustle of excitement was heard outside, and, hurrying towards the entrance-doors, they saw a stalwart form hurrying towards them, bearing a dripping red and white burden. With a wild scream of "Drowned! Drowned!" Mrs. Temple fainted. Friends and servants gathered around her prostrate form and bore her to her apartments, while Ethel sprang forward to learn if her friend's apprehensions were true; but the first words from the man, whom she now recognized as Frank Browning, the hotel clerk, reassured her.

"It's not drowned," he said, "she is not drowned; a little care will bring out all right. She evidently had started off on an independent bathing-trip. I caught sight of her just as a big wave took her off her feet and so I got her and brought her here, as you see."

"Yes," said Ethel, "and I can see that you got her and brought her here at the risk of your own life." Her voice was broken with emotion as she looked in his pallid face, and saw his dripping hair and drenched garments. "Give me the child—you should go and change your wet clothes at once."

"No," he replied, as he strode on towards Mrs. Temple's apartments, "you will need help to restore this little one; I am all right."

They soon reached the rooms, where all was confusion and excitement; but a few terse directions from Frank to one of the chambermaids soon placed plenty of hot blankets at their command. Ethel's skill as a nurse now became useful, and the low, firm tones of Browning, as he directed her, seemed to give new strength to her nerves and firmness to her hand. Together they worked over the child till she was fully restored. By that time Mrs. Temple had revived and Fanny had returned, and while Ethel was assuring them of Flossy's safety, Browning quietly left the room without waiting for the thanks the grateful mother and sister would have lavished on him; in fact, it proved a very difficult matter to get a chance to thank him at all, for he seemed as anxious to avoid being made much of as every one was to make a hero of him; and when Mrs. Temple did see him, he checked her thanks by saying that he had done nothing more than what any man or even a good dog would have done; but of course he could no longer be merely the hotel clerk to our little party of friends, and kind, motherly Mrs. Temple soon lured him from his reserve, and induced him to spend his few leisure hours in her private parlor with the pleasant little circle, consisting of herself and Flossy, Fanny and her fiancee, Robert Grayson, and Ethel, instead of indulging in a solitary stroll on the beach, as had been his custom. Mrs. Temple had tact enough to see that it would never do to offer him a reward of money; one would as soon have thought of offering it to a prince of the blood royal, or sooner, even, as princes go nowadays; so she gave him her unreserved friendship, in the meantime casting about in her mind the chances of advancing him in life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SMALL BOY ON THE EAGLE.—The American eagle is the largest and powerfulest bird in the world, but he is smaller than an ostrich, which is more of a horse than a bird. The eagle is a very proud bird, and don't go round eatin' worms and caterpillars, and diggin' up tomato-plants like a hen does, but he flies through the air with its wings, and sometimes swallers little children, which is very sad. The eagle lives sometimes to be several hundred years old, which is a long time to live. Hickey Bartlett's sister is an old maid, and she is as old as an eagle, and she gets awful mad when the fellers call her an old steak broiler. There is several kinds of eagles, but the United States eagle is the boss bird, and can baste blazes out of any bird that ever growed in Europe or Asia or Africy. An eagle can fly about a thousand miles in a very short time. I should like to see two eagles fight. I should like to own an eagle.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. LIV.

END OF A LONG MANAGERIAL CAREER.

The history of the unfortunate National Theatre, costly to managers and ruthless in its financial dealings with stock-actors, was given last week. This week we are called upon to record the death of the senior member of the firm which converted it from an Italian opera-house into a dramatic temple. Henry E. Willard died suddenly in this city, of rheumatism of the heart, on Sunday evening, Jan. 27. It is extremely doubtful if, apart from N. M. Ludlow, who was a director of theatres before Willard became of age, an older American manager survives him. The deceased was born in Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1802. He is said to have moved to this city early in life, and to have begun his public career in 1828 as manager of the Savannah and Charleston circuit, in conjunction with John F. Adams. The history of the Southern stage is largely written in blank, and we cannot verify this. The only John F. Adams known to us was an actor who graduated at the old Warren Theatre, Boston, which was not opened until 1832. There was a John Jay Adams, who, returning to the stage in 1826, and becoming a manager in this city in 1837, might have been the associate of Mr. W. at the South. It has also been said that in 1831 Mr. Willard became the lessee of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore. This, too, lacks confirmation. The "History of Baltimore" fails to mention it, and we have never come across a Holliday-street bill with his name in it. Residents of Savannah or Charleston may be able to furnish us with evidence of his management in either of those cities, and in the same way it can in all likelihood be shown that he was manager of the Baltimore theatre in 1831-2. Finally, it has been printed, among statements that we know to be at variance with fact, that he was treasurer of the Bowery Theatre, in this city, in 1833-4. The first evidence we can find of his connection with that house is that he was its treasurer during the seasons of 1834-5-6. With Thomas Flynn, who long afterwards became a zealous advocate of the temperance cause, Mr. Willard on Aug. 29, 1836, opened the Italian Opera-house, corner of Church and Leonard streets, as the National Theatre, an address by Jonas B. Phillips being spoken by Mrs. Thomas Flynn. The inaugural play was "The Merchant of Venice," cast chiefly as follows: Shylock, Junius Brutus Booth the elder; Bassanio, Andrew Pickering; Lorenzo, Pitmer (who afterwards became a negro-minstrel); Launcelot, Thomas Placide; Portia, Mrs. Flynn; Nerissa, Miss Clara Woodhull; Jessica, Mrs. Conduit. The remaining piece was "The Man With the Carpet-bag," in which, as Grimes and Wrangle, William Mitchell and Charles D. S. Howard, who became the brother-in-law of Mrs. John Hoey, respectively made their first appearances in America. As stated last week, the reign of Willard & Flynn terminated on March 6, 1837.

Mr. Willard's second essay at management in this city was in the ensuing Autumn. For him and the late William Rufus Blake was built the little Olympic Theatre, at 442 Broadway, adjoining the New York Tattersalls, at which establishment became famous under the management of William Mitchell. Willard & Blake opened it Sept. 13, 1837. It was dedicated to Mirth in an address written by E. Burke Fisher, and delivered by Blake. The plays were "Perfection," "The Lady and the Devil," and "The Married Bachelor." It has been said that the theatre was dedicated to Mirth. But Melpomene often reigned there, *vide* a bill contributed by Mr. J. H. Adams of Philadelphia, possibly a son of the Adams in the casts:

OLYMPIC.
Boxes, 50cts.; pit, 25cts.
Stage manager, Mr. W. Sefton; prompter, Mr. Beckwell.
NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1838.

Mr. Eaton.....as.....Richard III
Mr. Blake.....as.....Buckingham
Mrs. Blake.....as.....The Queen

MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 1, 1838,
will be presented Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy of
RICHARD III.

Richard III.....Mr. C. Eaton
Richmond.....Wm. Sefton
Buckingham.....Mr. Blake
Queen.....Mrs. Blake
Lady Anne.....Mrs. Cowell
King Henry.....Beckwell
Prince of Wales.....Miss Ludlow
Duke of York.....Master Blake
Catesby.....Mr. Nickinson

The evening's entertainments to conclude with (for the third time) an interesting domestic Irish drama, entitled
ERIN-GO-BRAGH, OR A TALE OF MUNSTER.

Duke Dorgan.....Wm. Sefton
Lewey Madigan (with song).....Nickinson
Price Klushela.....Kirby
Mr. Hammond.....Adams
Fed.....Beckwell
Brian.....Sheridan
Pick.....Merrifield

Mrs. Conduit.....Mrs. Blake
Sheriff.....McDougal
Judith.....Mrs. Jones
Cathleen (Fortune-teller).....Mrs. Vandeville
Nelly.....Miss Ludlow
Fennic McLaughlin, Jr.....Master Blake

The curtain will rise at 7 o'clock. Doors open at half-past 6.

Willard & Blake's management terminated in February, 1838. Forming a new alliance with his old partner Thomas Flynn, Willard caused the erection of the Chatham Theatre No. 2, located on the south side of Chatham street, between James and Roosevelt, and later known as Purdy's National Theatre. It was first opened on Oct. 11, 1839, with "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and the farce of "Family Jars." In the former piece John R. Scott was the Sir Giles, and Mrs. Thos. Flynn the Margaret Overreach. In the following January the theatre was closed, owing to differences between the two managers, and Willard withdrew, the senior Charles R. Thorne taking his place. On July 20, 1843, Willard succeeded Thorne, having as associate manager the late A. W. Jackson; but the season ended in August, Willard & Jackson's successor being W. S. Deverges. The management of the Chatham was eventually terminated by his being killed in falling from a private box to the stage. In 1852 Mr. Willard became the nominal lessee of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and the last of his subsequent managerial career was passed in that city, where for a brief period, in conjunction with the late Frederick B. Conway, he was lessee of the National Theatre. He opened the Howard Athenæum on Aug. 31, 1852, with the late Prof. Anderson, wizard, as the attraction; and on Sept. 20 he began his dramatic season by introducing Lola Montez to the Bostonians. Among the stars upon whom he relied most was Mrs. Catherine Sinclair Forrest, who had not then appeared in Boston, and who did *not* appear at the Howard. In January, 1853, Le Grand Smith leased the house for opera under the financial direction of Ethelbert A. Marshall, and brought La Benedetti. It was asserted at the time that the nightly expenses of Marshall's operatic venture in Boston reached the extravagant figure of $1,500. Willard resumed management in the following March, his chief attractions being the late James H. Hackett's troupe of Spanish dancers, the late Mrs. Mary Warner, and Ullmann's Opera Troupe, headed by Henrietta Sontag, who thus, on April 19, first appeared in Boston. During this Spring, on the nights that the Sontag troupe were at the Howard, Willard leased the American Theatre, formerly the Little Eagle, and played his company therein. In 1854 he was again in management in this city, Metropolitan Hall, originally Tripler Hall, having been converted into what was called the New York Theatre and Metropolitan Opera-house. It was opened on Sept. 18, 1854, Willard's partner being Harry Eytinge. The dramatic season, the feature of which was the spectacular drama of "Schamyl," with James R. Anderson as the Circassian chief, ended in January, 1855, and in February the farewell American performances of Grisi and Mario were begun. Willard's connection with the house, which in 1855 became Laura Keene's Varieties, and later was Burton's New Theatre, and finally the Winter Garden, was but brief. During his career Mr. W. was either agent for or joint manager with Adah Isaacs Menken, F. S. Chanfrau, James R. Anderson, and many others. In 1859 he went to California as agent for Anderson, and in the Summer of that year made arrangements to accompany him to Australia. He did not go, we think, but again leased the Howard Athenæum after E. L. Davenport withdrew from it, as he did again about two years later, reopening it May 18, 1863, as the successor of Wyzeman Marshall. It was during this, his last period of management of the Howard, which continued until about 1866, that he was most successful. On March 4, 1861, he opened the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. As the receipts on the first three nights were but $61, $31, and $61, he resolved to close the doors on March 9 following. In May, 1868, he leased the renamed Continental Theatre, Boston, and on the ensuing Sept. 26 he terminated a brief season, much to the surprise of his company. Then he retired from professional life, and for several years resided in Newark, N. J. After Neil Bryant's Minstrels vacated the Globe Theatre, this city, Mr. Willard, emerging from his retirement, interested himself in it, and on Dec. 24, 1877, having been christened the National Theatre, it was once more opened, he being announced as the lessee. His death was wholly unexpected. Three days before, we had received a note from him, volunteering sundry financial facts relative to the Church-street National Theatre. Always reticent before as to his professional career, never letting his left hand know what his right was projecting, he had suddenly become communicative. Had he not died so soon, he would in all likelihood have unbosomed himself as to many more managerial facts, which now are probably buried with him forever.

MME. MARIE GUILLEMIN.

This actress died in Paris, France, recently, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. She was on the stage as late as twelve or thirteen years ago. Her father was Bernard Mengozzi, a noted Italian singer and composer. Having studied under Dazencourt and under Mlle. Desbrosses, she went to Naples. There she met and was married to the French actor Guillemin in 1812. From 1819 to 1842 they were at the Vaudeville, Paris, of which house he was manager for twenty years. Upon his death, which occurred long after she had retired from public life, she returned to the stage, continuing on it until 1865.

HISTORY OF ZERO.

The word itself, "zero," comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty —hence nothing. In expressions like "90deg. Fahr.," the abbreviation stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantsic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His first name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold Winter of 1809, he experimented by putting salt with snow, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest that "the oldest inhabitant" could remember, he was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial.

He called the degree "zero," and constructed a thermometer, or a rude weather glass, with a scale graduated up from the zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the 32d of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded 180th of its volume on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America. Russia and Germany use Reaumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point counted 80 degrees above freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from freezing point.

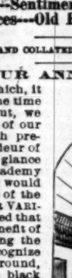
On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when "zero" is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.—*Worcester Gazette.*

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

OUR ANNUAL BALL.


FROM THE ORIGINAL.

At this season of ball-making, which, it will be remembered, sets in about the time the season of ball-playing goes out, we have though it wise to get up a ball of our own. The brilliant scene herewith presented gives a fair idea of the grandeur of the affair. You will perceive at a glance that the festivities are held in the Academy of Music. No other public building would begin to hold the numerous friends of the artists connected with THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. Perhaps it should be explained that this ball is given for the express benefit of these artists; and by closely studying the dancers, one may be able to recognize many familiar faces. In the foreground, for example, the gentleman in the black suit with his arm about the lady in the white dress (to be sure, all the gentlemen wear black suits and all the ladies white dresses, but the couple referred to may be distinguished by the beauty of their faces) —this gentleman is none other than the world-renowned cannon-ball tosser Mons. Musculari. To see him now in the orthodox swallow-tail and white kids, you would, perhaps, hesitate to believe that he is the same Hercules whom you have often admired on the stage. Nevertheless, such is the case. His partner is the beautiful Queen of the Air, who nightly astonishes crowded houses by her daring and graceful acts upon the flying trapeze. A little to the left are the song-and-dance men whirling around in the many waltz. Serio-comic singers, acrobats, musical performers, Dutch and Irish comedians, jig and clog dancers—all are there, mingling in the festive scene and drawing exhilarating draughts of pleasure from the occasion. Nothing stronger is furnished. It is an impossibility to "ball off" at our ball. The Old Guards' and the Charity were both grand events, but they are not to be compared with this. After gazing upon such a scene of magnificence it should awaken a desire to participate in something of the same kind, and that you may do by attending the Elks' Ball in this city, to be held Feb. 14.

THE MAN THAT KNEW THE ACTORS.

WRITTEN BY JOHN MCVEIGH AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PROFESSION IN GENERAL.

Of a queer young man I'm going to tell,
And every one of you knows him well,
He's rather a sort of a seedy swell—
The man that knew the actors.
He knew every actor, both East and West,
The highest, the lowest, and that best,
In fact he never would give you a rest—
The man that knew the actors.

He knew Frank Girard, Gilfoil and Pat Rooney;
When he spoke of Add Ryman he nearly went looney,
He knew both the Tonys—Pastor and Hart—
He knew Johnny Lynch and Billy Barlow,
He knew Hughey Dougherty, and of him spoke well,
And he lived in the same house with Senator Bell.
He knew John Wild, John Shay and Bill Gray,
Dehenarty and Hengler, Chas. Banks and McEvoy,
And said he was the cause of paralyzing McVeigh;
Were many a time out with him on a good spree;
He knew every actor, both East and West,
He gave Charley Diamond his first lesson in music,
The highest, the lowest, and that best,
And writes all the songs for Will Morton and Gulick;
In fact he never would give you a rest—
He knows Backus and Wambold, and fat Billy Birch—
The man that knew the actors.
They introduced him to Thatcher one day in a church;
He knew Billy Emerson and Ned Noonan, who knocks the "guys" silly;
Billy Carter, Jacques Kruger and himself are quite thick
"Gus Williams," he said, "is a great friend of mine;
He knows all the Nortons, including one they call Nick;
He sat in the Fifth Avenue all for a million or so."
Milt Barlow, Geo. Wilson and West and Primrose
He said, "Gus, let's have a drink, and I'll go;"
Would be considered the finest of the kind;
Would sell for a million or so."
He knows Larry Tooley, Joe Lang and Ned West,
He'll take a drink any time with his friends,
And Cummings and Harrington his friendship attest;
And Sandford and Wilson enjoy his regards.
He likes a good drink and a cigar, I confess—
He knows Hughey Dougherty, and of him spoke well,
In fact he knew every actor in the country to-day.
And he lived in the same house with Senator Bell.
He knew people that were dead for ninety-nine years,
Dehenarty and Hengler, Chas. Banks and McEvoy,
And whenever he spoke of them he always shed tears.
Were many a time out with him on a good spree;
A Mick who was listening to him for a couple of hours
He gave Charley Diamond his first lesson in music,
Said: "Are yes acquainted wid young Eddie Powers?"
And writes all the songs for Will Morton and Gulick;
He said: "I'm the man, and could you suppose
He knows all the Nortons, including one they call Nick;
That the terrier thumped him right square on the nose?
Milt Barlow, Geo. Wilson and West and Primrose
Saying 'Yer a liar!' as his ear he did eat,
Would be considered the finest of the kind;
And made a kick at him as he went into the street—
Would sell for a million or so."
And now he don't know the actors.

WHAT DER YER SOY?

Men win immortality by various means. Some do it by philanthropy and some by murder; some by treading in the highways of art, and some by following the art of the highwayman. Some by always trying to make it a point to speak of a man who wears his hair cropped close as a gentleman —who woke up one morning and found himself famous. He had not written another satire, nor had he discovered Charley Ross. No, his claim to immortality rested upon the utterance of a single sentence—and that sentence was, "What der yer soy?" Strange how these four little words should raise a man out of the common level and make a hero of him! Yet that is precisely what they did. Associations and clubs, especially clubs, were waiting for him. In view of all this, we have put ourselves to considerable trouble and expense in order to procure the exact representation of the original "What der yer soy?" It may be depended upon as strictly accurate in all respects. When we found him—never mind where it was, but when we found him he objected at first to the publicity which his appearance in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES would give. Like all great men, he was modest; and, besides, he explained that there were certain "cops" (whatever that may mean) who were "a-lookin' for" him. It occurred to us, after all other means of persuasion had failed, that we would try to excite his resentment—put him on his metal, as it were. So we said that we should explain his non-appearance on the ground that he was afraid to show himself. "What der yer soy?" he cried—and that's the way we got him!

A STRONG COMBINATION.

C. P. Currier contributes the bill of which a copy is appended. Thomas Abthorpe Cooper was for many years the leading tragedian of the American stage, having made his first appearance in this country in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9, 1796. He died in Bristol, Pa., April 21, 1849. Junius Brutus Booth died Nov. 30, 1852, on board of a steamboat on route from New Orleans, La., to Cincinnati, O. Mr. Barton made his American debut in the Park Theatre, this city, March 9, 1831, as Hamlet. He had considerable reputation as a leading actor of tragedy and the higher range of melodrama. He was last seen here about 1839, and returned to England, where he died in 1848. Mr. Rowbotham died in Philadelphia Feb. 14, 1837. Cornelius A. Logan died on a steamboat on the Ohio River Feb. 23, 1853. Mrs. Duff died in the Smith family-acted Montano, who was probably David Eberle, who died in Philadelphia Sept. 8, 1864, who played Gratiano. Westervelt J. Walstein also died in Philadelphia in 1836. Mrs. Duff died in obscurity in Ninth street, this city, either Aug. 31 or Sept. 5, 1857. She had married Mr. Sevier, a lawyer of New Orleans, La., and had been in retirement for many years previous to her demise. Mrs. Maywood, who died in the West in 1855, was the wife of Robert Maywood, late acting-manager of the theatre. He died in the Marshall Infirmary, Troy, N. Y., May 27, 1856. Mrs. Bowbotham, who had been engaged for subordinate characters, became a great favorite with the Philadelphians. She died within a few years after her arrival in this country. Mrs. W. A. Turner, after retiring from the stage, resided in Brooklyn, L. I. Mrs. Turner, after retiring from the stage, resided in Brooklyn, L. I. Attention is directed to the odd price charged for gallery tickets.

THEATRE—WALNUT STREET.
The doors will be opened at quarter past 7 o'clock, and performance to commence at a quarter before 8 o'clock.
Acting-manager.....Mr. Maywood
Stage-manager.....Mr. Barton
LAST NIGHT BUT ONE OF THE SEASON. LAST NIGHT OF THE GRAND CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.
MR. COOPER, MR. BOOTH, MR. BARTON and MRS. DUFF on the same evening. A limited number of orchestra tickets may be had at the box-office.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 18, 1831,
will be presented Shakespeare's admired play of
OTHELLO; OR THE MOOR OF VENICE.

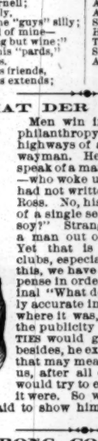
Othello.....Mr. Booth
Iago.....Mr. Cooper
Cassio.....Mr. Barton
Duke of Venice,.....
Mr. Rowbotham
Roderigo.....Mr. Eberle
Montano.....Mr. Smith
Gratiano.....Mr. Eberle
Lodovico.....Mr. Whiting
Desdemona.....Mrs. Duff
Amelia.....Mrs. Maywood

To conclude with the petite comedy of
A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING, OR A WIFE'S FIRST LESSON.

Col. Freelove.....Mr. Barton
Lord Rivers.....Mr. Rowbotham
James.....Mr. Hart
Groom.....Mr. Broad
Mrs. Davis.....Mrs. Turner

On Tuesday MR. PHILLIPS' BENEFIT.
THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN,
dramatised expressly for the Edinburgh Theatre, under the inspection of the Great Wizard of the North, and performed for successive seasons with the greatest entusiasm, is received, and will be produced from the only copy now in this country.
Box-office open every day from 10 till 1 o'clock, and from 2 till 5 o'clock. Checks not transferable.
A limited number of orchestra tickets for sale nightly at 75 cents. Tickets to be had at the theatre; of Mr. S. M. Stewart, Chestnut street; and of Mr. T. Dealiver Jr., No. 247 Market street. Box, 50c.; pit, 25c.; gallery, 18¾c.

WHAT THE RAIN DID.



Coming from the matinee,
Once upon a rainy day,
On the crowded I saw her clutching her umbrella tightly;
Oh, she was surpassing fair,
With her loosely-knotted hair
Blown about at random, rising now, or falling lightly.

Could I ever blame the wind
Which blew to me bad shown
That all that wealth of hair
Really was her own?

Bolder grew the blust'ring wind,
(Wrong it was to so have sinned),
But it caught her dress and wound it round her shapely figure.
So I could not help but see
That she wore a number three—
Surely such a dainty shoe could never have been bigger.
Could I blame the wind, I ask,
While thus flirting, glad to view
Such a dainty foot, and such
A pretty ankle too?

All unmindful of the rain,
Turning then, I looked again—
Looked upon this pretty, this distracting little maiden;
Fiercer still the wind it blew,
And the heavens blacker grew,
Till the pitying lady turned to me with blushes overladen,
Saying: "May I be so bold
As to ask you, sir, to hold
My umbrella for a moment,
While I fix this horrid dress?"
How I thanked the wind in secret,
As I promptly answered "Yes."

So it happened that we met,
In the wind and rain and wet,
Coming from the matinee, met and talked together;
That was years and years ago,
But I've had my share of woe
Who never yet have grumbled over rough and rainy weather.
For I have the rain to thank,
And the elements of heaven,
For the sweetest little wife
That to man was ever given!

DOT GYIRL OF MINE.

BEING DER OXBRESSIONS UND CONGLUSIONS GIPEN VENT TO UND ARRIPED AT BY DOT ANCIENT BARD, TO NAMELY HANS BLINKENSHTOFFEN.

OXBRESSIONS.

FIRSD DIME.

Mine lofe she vas der sweetest gyirl
Dot valks abound so gay,
Und I dinks of dot sweet gyirl of mine
Ten dousand dimes a day.

ZEGOND DIME.

Her shmile looks to me shoost abound
Like sunshine on der bay,
Und ven she laughs mine heart goes vild
Ten dousand dimes a day.

THIRD DIME.

I vould gife dot vorld of she vas here,
Und I could hear her say:
"Hans Blinkenshtoffen, ein mae bier!"
Ten dousand dimes a day.

FEIRTH DIME.

Und told me, "Hans, pull down your vest!"
Und gifes a little pull;
Und "Hansy, oh! men, vipe off your chin!"
Ten dousand dimes a day.

FEIFTH DIME.

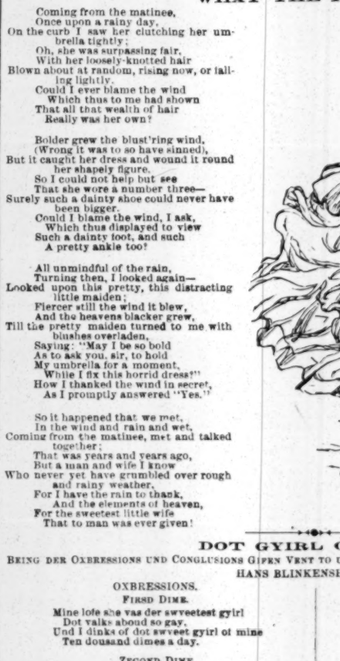
Mine heaven is dot leetle gyirl—
Vat don'd gife dings avay—
Und sehkvenses of bully lager bier
Ten dousand dimes a day!

CONGLUSIONS.—VIND-UP:

(Cobied from dot quvotation vord for vord—sure!)

Dis vorld vas all von circus show,
For man's amvsement giffen;
Dem "shmart" of ve. from bierd, dot flow,
Deceidful vine—deceidful! Oh!
Dere vas noding squvare but—seven-oud.
Fill 'em up vonce more, Shtein! L. T.

IN THE ORCHESTRA CHAIR.



It may, at some time, have fallen to your lot to sit in the orchestra-chair of a theatre with a woman in front of you—a woman with a two-story neck and a seven-story bonnet. If you have ever enjoyed such an experience, you will at once recognise and appreciate the accompanying figure. Alma (drawn from life—and it should have afforded the artist infinite satisfaction could he have drawn the life from the subject as well. It will be observed that so much of this lady's figure as is presented to view bears a striking resemblance to the upper part of an Indian club; but the lady herself is to be set down as a dumb belle. Precisely what the design of her head-gear is it would be a difficult matter to tell. The combination of fruits, flowers, birds and filigree affords a curious study for those who are interested in such things. Her back-hair, too, is fearfully and wonderfully made. It is built up, as will be seen, layer upon layer, with the evident object of raising the bonnet to an altitude which shall effectually shut off the view of all things in front. Now the lady in question undoubtedly has the right to wear whatever she chooses upon her own head; but the great moral principle involved is whether she has the right to put that head where it will obstruct the view of the stage? While the thrilling drama is in progress, the unfortunate occupant of the seat immediately behind the aforesaid head is forced to content himself with gazing at the back-hair and bonnet. If she moves to the right or to the left, the head inclines to move in a similar direction, and of course the back-hair and the bonnet move with it. In the most exciting scenes of the play, where action and not dialogue chains the attention of the spectator, the man behind the back-hair is shut off as completely from what is going on as though he were locked up in the Tombs. When he hears the villain cry, "I have it now!" he is left wholly in the dark as to what the villain has; and when the bold lover asserts, "Take that for thy treachery!" he has no means of finding out

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., to transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 4.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Alvin, Verdie
Boyd, Nellie
Brown, Lottie
Banks, Ellen
Benedict, Mrs Lew
Beaumont, Nellie
Blande, Edith
Bernard, Lottie
Berrell, Mrs. M. L.
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Bradley, Leanora
&c.
Carlton, Lizzie
Celeste, Rose
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Coleman, Alice A.
Cushing, Belle
Collins, Olive
Caselli, Fannie (7)
Courtright, Mrs. Nellie
Charles, Roe (of Daly's Co.)
Cushman, Alice
Clifton, Blanche(2)
Coventry, Julie
Clancy, Venie G.
Dark, Lizzie Sr.
Daley, Lizzie
Dixon, Blanche
Durrell, Barrie
Dare, Amelia
Dowron, Dora
Dickenson, Anna G.
Dore or Eddie Moore, Adela
Deland, Annie
Drury, Nellie (of Bryer's Co.)
Delange, Minnie
Daly, Lillie
Eytinge, Pearl
Elmore, Annie (vocalist)
Evans, Mary Ann
Eastman, Lottie
Esmond, Ella Xo
Edwards, Mrs. Geo.
Fairchild, Florence
Fielding, Maggie
Fisher, Kate
Fox, Annie
Franzini, Adela (velocipidist)
Gray, Ada
Granger, Lu-la (of Our Board. Ho. Co.)
Griffin, Emma
Goss, Mrs. J. (2)
Gardiner, Ida
Hall, Maria
Hallett, Alta
Hall, Mrs. H. F.
Herd, Belle & Celia (2)
Johnson, Mrs. Addie (2)
Jordan, Alecia B
Johnson, Frankie
Jeal, Linda Sr.
Johnston, Louisa
Knight, Mrs. Sophie Worrell
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kent, Fannie
Little Ardine
Langley, Georgie
Le Brun, Eliza
Lucille, Fannie
Lavende, Belle
Lake, Emma (equestrienne)
Love, Kitty
McDowell, Katie
Markham, Pauline (2)
Mitchell, Maggie
Mead, Jennie
Mellon, Maude
Meehan, Sadie
McGowan, Alice (vocalist)
MacKinton, Sadie
Morrison Sisters
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mordaunt, Marian
Mel, Rose
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Mortimer, Mrs. Annie (of Kerry G. Co.)
Morris, Ida
Nelson, Miss A. (of Meiksham, Eng.)
Orwell, J. Minnie
Perkins, Gracie (of Breyer's Co.)
Polk, Mary (of Uncle Tom sCab. Co.)
Pearl, Mabie
Parrish, Emma
Palmer, Maude (vocalist)
Peck, Nellie
Quail, Mrs. S. (Bassett)
Robeson, Erba Sc.
Richards, Belle (danseuse)
Richmond, Ada
Rinehart, Mrs.
Rose, Mrs. Ellis
Richards, Nellie
Sharpe, Mrs. Dollie
Sanderson, Miss E. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Sweatman, Jennie V.
Springer, Theresa
A Alfred
Stanley, Charlotte M.
St. Felix, Henrietta
Stuart Sisters
Sidelle, Clara
Simpson, Ellise
Sharp, Maude
Selwyn, Blanche
St. Felix, Madam
Shanley, Josephine
Thompson, Connie
Thursby, Miss E. C.
Weston, Flora
Watson, Mrs. Irene W.
Wilson, Georgie (of Marble's Co.)
Washburn, Lillie
Wilson, Louis
Wheatley, Mrs. Chas.
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"A. A. A."
Allerup, Ole
Ahrendt, Carl
Amann, Andy (Dutch "biz")
Arrington, Billy
Ainsworth, J. F.
Avery, S. (of Lestvilt's B. R.)
Avery, Geo. W.
Allison, Jr., W.
Armstrong, Harry
Aldon, D. A.
Adkins, Wm.
Armstrong, Harry (of Healy's Co.)
Allerup, Peter S.
Atkins, Walter
Burnett, Alf.
Boisset Family
Brown, Geo. (with Bryer Family)
Banghmaun, Hyde
Browne, Edwin
Brown, Harry M.
Brown & Barnes
Benedict, Lew
Berger, F. G.
Bryant & Williams
Baker, F. (of Baker & Farren)
Brown, S. B.
Biddle, L. L.
Barlow Bros.
Brougham, John
Brown, P.
Birdsell, Chas. F.
Barnum, Henry
Benton, Chas.
Barnum, Ed. (of Gt. East. Circus)
Budworth & Cohan
Bourke, John W.
Blaisdell, J. W. (of Campbell's Co.)
Bayley, Richard
Blaisdell, W. S.
Buckley, Billy
Byrne, J. H.
Bryant, Smith & Byrne)
Chapman, Mr. (of J. Coombs' Co.)
Cole, W. W. (3)
Cross, John (of Howe's Circus)
Clifton, F. R.
Case, D.
Carr, Frank B.
Coleman, J. A.
Clifton, H. (of Stoddart's Co.)
Cromley, Bob
Cook, J. H. (stage manager)
Clarke, Chas. H. (comedian)
Coup, W. C.
Corcoran, Mr.
Crimmins, Steve
Crimmins, J. (of Crimmins Bros.)
Carson, Jr., Kit
Carroll & Conlan
Carter, J. Heneage 9c.
Carroll, Wm.
Crispini, Prof. H. (2)
Corbin, C. (of Broadway Theo. Co.)
Conlan, Frank (of Brettion's Co.)
Cohen, Master (of Evangeline Co.)
Dumont, Frank
Delano, Jeppe
Dyiver, — (manager of a circus)
Dare, Jas.
Dearborn, Dr. Jas. W.
Dotty, Arthur J.
"Drama" (3)
Dobson, F. B. (3)
Dale, Wm. O.
De Haven, Claude
Duncan, Wior. J.
Davenport, G. C. (of TexasJack's Co.)
De Lorme, Harry
Davidge, Wm.
Delmore, Ralph
Dobie, Capt. Bud
Dupree, H.
Dodge, Ben
Dougherty, H. Sc.
Dillon, Jas. (Irish "biz")
Dorris, John B.
De Lancy, Frank (magician)
Dwyer, Tommy
A Annie
Elberts, Eugene
Eberhart, A. G.
Emery, D. (musician)
Ebbets, E. W.
Emidy, Dick
Edwards, Frank (agent)
Eunice, Wm. (of Robert's Co.)
Emerson, Wm.
Frost, Hyatt
Florance, G. A. (vocalist)
Fraser, Robt.
Postelle, Chas. (2)
Francisco, G. W.
Fowler, T. B.
Fays, Alf (musician)
Franey, Sid. C.
Freeth, J. W. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Field, A. G
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Fawcett, Owen
Fulton, John
Fox, Jos. E.
Germon, J. D. (of Stoddart's Co.)
Gever, Albert
Grover, Jr., Holmes
Goddard, Jno. A.
Goodwin, Jr., Nat
Gurr, Harry
Goss, Mr.
Girard, W. T.
Gardiner, W. M.
Granger, E. M.
Granger Opera Co., Manager
Gulick, Jos. A.
Graham, A. T.
Griesel, L. (of Globe Dramatic Co.)
Gorman, Dick (of Gorman & Collyer)
Gangero, — (of Japanese Co.)
Gale, Walter
Giniven, Wm.
Goodmas, Hank
Gulick, Jas. T.
Hyatt, Hank
Hall, Harry
Howe's Gt. London Circus
Hotto, Harry
Hooker, Fred (manager)
Hamilton, J. (of Pullman & Hamil.)
Hart, O. W.
Hunker, Al
Hyers, S. S. (with Hyer Sisters)
Hirschfield, Hugo
Howard, Chas. L.
Herbert, Fred
Gen. Tom Th. Co.)
Herwig, Gus (2)
Hamilton & Sargent (2)
Hawley, Frank (of Hawley Bros.)
Haineld, C. (of German Opera Co.)
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Howe, Den
Harrington, Frank
Jones, H. M.
Jones, R. (of Sheehan & Jones)
Smith, Frank (of Black Hand Co.)
Jedid & White
Jolly Colored Four, Jones, Frank ("Lively Moak")
Knight, Frank
Kennedy & Clark
Krutz, Wm. (with German Op. Co.)
Kendrick, Bic
Keen, Jule (2)
Keeshin, C. H.
Kernan, Jas.
Kay, Wm. (of The Kays)
Louden, J. J.
Locke, Ed.
Levitt, Harry
Lester & Williams
Lennox, G. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Lester, William
Leonzo & Ryan
Linson, Harry
Leach, Isaac
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Little, R. (of Callender's Minst.)
Lang, Joe
Lynch, Leigh S.
Lawler, W. F.
Loder, C. (of Mac. Evoy's Co.)
Lamkins, Harry G.
Levantine, Fred.
Little Pic
Lennox, Geo. P.
Leech, H. J.
Lang, Ned
Morosco, Walter
Marble, Ed.
Mendy, Saml.
Mack, Harry
Magee, Clem
McReynolds, J. F.
McGlone, Pete
McAllister, Prof. (illusionist)
Martin, Sam
McKey, Barney (song and dance)
Mack, F. (of Murphy & Mack)
Morrison, Lewis
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Moncrief, Master
Murray, J. H. (circus)
Morton, Harry
Mackay, John A.
Mayo, Frank (2)
McKee, Andy (2)
Maloney, Owen
Milligan, R. (of Milligan & Weaver)
Mara, F. (of Constantique, Providence)
Marlow & Mealey
Maloney, Billy
Meilinger, Marcus
Mortimer, J. W.
Morris, Andy
Maco, M.
Morse, Jule
Morton & Leavitt
Mack, Wm.
McGee, Jesse D.
McHale, Harry
Moreland, Harry
Mulgro, Charlie
McNulty, Barney
Murray, S. S.
Newell, Mal E.
Newell, Ulysses D
Norton, Jos. (jug gler)
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Noonan, —
Neary, Tommy (of Kelly & Neary)
Newell, Yank
Neil, — Tommy (Irish "biz")
Ormsley, Z.
Ogden, A. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien Bros. (song-and-dance)
Parker, Lewis
Powell, Ed.
Peters, Fred. W.
Prismato, Carlo
Pritchard, Spencer (3)
Pickert, Willis
Prescott, D. H. Sc.
Peters, F. (of Florance's Co.)
Patt, C. A. (with Guy Family)
Page, G. F.
Pendy, John
Porter, B. C. Ilc.
Pinf, H. (of N. O. Minst.) (2)
Parmelee, H. E.
Primrose, G. H.
Powell, Ed. (of Baldwin's Co.)
Power, W. H.
Phillips, A. R.
Padgett, J. C.
Randolph, Irving
Roome, J. D. (banjoist)
Ralton, D. E.
Ryan, Sam
Randall, J. T.
Rice, Jesse R.
Rice, E. E.
Russell, E. (of Cole's Circus)
Robbins, Ben
Ryan, Sam E.
Roe, Harry W.
Rinehart, Sam
Richardson, "Old" John
Richards, A. E.
Spaulding, W. P.
Stuart, Alex H.
Shaw, Geo. L.
Swain, Sam
Sheridan, W. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Slaughter, W. H.
Shenet, Jos. (of Wallace Sisters Co.)
Strakosch, Max
Smith, Will (of Smith's Bell R.)
Shannon, Shan. & Murphy)
Stanley, Burt
Sidney, Robt. J.
Sully, Dan (Irish "biz")
Slavin, Geo.
Sertrew, Saul
Sreble, J.
Sprague & Blodgett
Simmons, Charlie
Stone, Mr. (circus-man)
Searles, Jr., C. (of Dup & Ben. Min.)
Speiman, Jas.
Seehan & Jones
Seeley, Chas. (clown)
Sharpe, Dan J.
Tierney, J. (of Bryant's Minst.) (2)
Tracey, Dan (Irish "biz")
Taylor, Prof. E. C. (wizard)
Texas Jack's Co., Manager
Thompson, John ("On Hand")
Thorne, Wm.
Thornton, Jas. (of 5th Ave. Co.) (5)
Tute, James J.
Thatcher & Hume
Tutor, Jas. (of Pacific Circus)
Turner, John M.
Thorne, C. J.
Thompson (2) Sc.
Thorne, & Christide
Vere, Geo. W.
Voos, A. B.
Van Wormer, Mr. (advance agent)
Vivian, Chas. (comedian)
Van Amburgh's Cir., Manager
Wallace, J. J.
Wade, E. (of L. Benedict's Minst.)
Warfield, Thos. (2)
Washburn, E. S.
Weeks, Harry
Woods, Geo. W. ("bones")
White, Chas. (lion-tamer)
Wallack, W. (of "Tripolgine" Co.)
Wood, Prof. A. F.
Wiley, Lem
Willing, Albert
Webber, Harry (comedian)
Wesley & Eldridge
Werner, Ned
Wentworth, Walter
Wilson, H. (of D. Thompson's Co.)
Wood & West
Wood, Col. J. H. with AllenSisters)
Woodson, Harry
White, W. (of D. Morris' Co.)
Wand. F. B. (of W. & Herbert's Co.)
Wilson, — (candy "biz")
Woodhull, Henry
Wilson, G. E.
Young Chas. W
Zegrino & Moulton

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Mrs. Johanna Hubsch, Mrs. Anna Pickawesar of German Opera Co.; of Gerstein Opera Co., Mrs. Wm Browne, Frank Crane, Louise Murio, Mrs. W. H. Lingard, Thos. W. Brown, manager Sol Smith Russell Co., John A. Stevens, Rose Eytinge, actress, Frank Dumont, Zoe Mesh, H. Sargent, manager Minnie Foster, and Jess Thompson of Waite's Co.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 4, '78.

This is the second month of the New Year, and of which it is said in the Ready Reckoner that of days it has but twenty-eight in fine, till leap-year gives it twenty-nine; an astronomical calculation and arithmetical proposition which we are not at present prepared to dispute. We wish, however, to puton record the fact that the full-fledged and unabridged month of January did not give place to this lop-sided and scarce half-made-up mongrel month without leaving a taste of what he was capable of, mild-mannered and warm-hearted as he may have been throughout the thirty days preceding; for on the 31st began one of those real old-fashioned storms of wind and hail and snow, with howling blasts from the frozen North, and whiffs of all sorts from the solid South. It was such a day as rude Boreas seldom afficts us with; such a day as brings tears to the eyes of the worthy manager, for well he knows it can bring no eyes to his tiers. Such a howling day it must have been when Richard III first saw the light. While we sat in the privacy of our own fireside, sipping quail on toast, although it is against the law, and drinking in nectar fit for the gods, our heart went out to those of our contemporaries who have no such place to bask in, no quail to assimilate with, no nectar to warm their weary souls, nor the sweet smiles of lovely woman to beguile their waking hours. In the desolation of their isolation, we fancied them picking out just such a day as the closing one of January proved to be to shuffle off the mortal coil so feelingly alluded to by the ill-fated Mister Hamlet, when, in a moment of utter despondency, he conceived the wicked design of making his exit from the stage of life with a bare bodkin. When we heard Miss Emma P. Markley thus soliloquize last Monday night, when she acted Hamlet in the Broadstreet Theatre, Philadelphia—so sad and lonely did she seem, and so *lowly* withal—we felt like accompanying her in her projected journey to that bourne of which we have heard so much, and yet know so little. Seems that we have got off the track again, which is all owing to the advent of the depressing month of February.

.....It now looks as if the high-priced theatres—Wallack's, the Union-square, and Booth's—will have to reduce their rates of admission, or see their patrons swelling the attendance at those houses which have already acceded to the public demand. Mr. Wallack acted to half-a-dollar audiences at the Grand Opera-house, and did well; and now the public will not pay thrice that sum to see him act in his own theatre; nor will the Union-square be able to successfully battle against the sea of troubles that set against it unless the dollar-and-a-half tariff is changed for the popular dollar of our fathers. And Mr. Booth ought to know, by this time, that his harvest-days are waning—that he cannot draw big houses at high rates of admission, when equally good performances can be enjoyed for so much less. Mr. Booth will never, probably, be the great star his father was, and it were well that he take heed of the day. And the Fifth-avenue, what about that?

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

Let Fiske delight his squibs to write,
And cast them far and near;
Let Rousicault uphold him, too,
And back him without fear;
But Stephen he should never let
His current prices rise.
For, once begun, the public soon
Will shut up both his eyes,

to say nothing of a probability of an early-closing movement of the theatre over which he has the honor to preside. *And* the opera! It's dead so far as the three and four dollar tariff is concerned. It has had its day, but no more fancy prices for the people of New York. The tricks, and traps, and quarrels of prima-donnas which availed in the past will avail never again. Once more to the breach.....When any members or attaches of the theatrical profession make their appearance in special acts in General Sessions, or otherwise, we feel "a pang as great as when a giant dies," because the court is not their appropriate place, as you are aware. One day last week we shed bitter tears when intelligence reached us that one Malloy (No, Jimmy; not Pat, but William, though he may be related to Pat, for all we know to the contrary), an attache of Booth's Theatre, was brought into court to answer for an alleged assault on Andrew Jax, an actor. It seems that Malloy felt aggrieved because, as he states, Jax insulted the former's sister while she was waiting for her brother on the outside of the theatre. While in this unhappy frame of mind, Malloy is supposed to have committed the assault complained of, for which he was adjudged to pay a fine of fifteen dollars. Fearful that some of our friends might think that the Andrew Jax referred to was the celebrated A. Jax, who defied the lightning, we hasten to state that such is not the case, as our A. Jax not only did *not* defy the lightning, but he got struck by it. And, while we are explaining things, the identity of the stricken may be made still clearer when we declare that he is not Andrew Jax' son, who fit forninst the cottonbales at New Orleans, and by that action gained great fame. But it is hard lines that Mister Malloy should be out fifteen dollars, these hard times, for taking the part of his sister, which is peculiarly in his line.....*More* tears! Another theatrical case in court last week—this was the four-year-old offspring of the Lyceum Theatre, to determine the question as to the responsibility for moneys due by that concern, etc. It was tried once before, but an appeal was taken, and last week's decision grants a new trial, and upsets the other proceeding. We have invariably observed that, when receipts fail to meet expenses in theatrical speculations, it is always difficult to place the responsibility on the proper parties; but when there are *profits* to be apportioned out of the proceeds of a successful season, the responsible parties always come up smiling for the first, last, and every round of the favors to be distributed. And now this Lyceum business has got to be gone over again in the courts, and before it is done the lawyers may be flying round in their own interest to locate the *real* responsible parties. Now, do you *wonder* that we weep over these theatrical lawsuits, and even wish that we were dead?

.....And just as we were about to wipe our weeping eyes, and thereby more assume a virile behavior, word reached us that Regnier the wrestler had been sued for assaulting one Jacquez Monies, and put under bonds to answer. It is charged that Emil the wrestler knocked Monies down [Not at all, James; Emil is neither a bank-cashier nor an elevated car-conductor—we do not say that he knocked down Monies in the sense you mean, but he floored him, nevertheless], consequent on a series of fair up-and-down wrestling, and was brought up on a charge of foul. Although, as we have stated, Regnier was put under heavy bonds, being an athlete he was enabled to raise the bonds without much difficulty. By this last court action of our professional friends was our cup of bitterness filled to the brim. In sackcloth and ashes we mourn the hopes departed, and sigh for the good old days when professionals had no place in court, and when, if a brother found himself smitten on one cheek, he calmly reversed the order of his status, so that the other cheek might be smoten in like manner....."When shall our sorrows have an end?" Just as we were flattering ourselves that we had done with court business, and that the flow of tears had been stopped, our attention was called to the sad case of a pious young man named Wilkins, who claimed to be a member in good standing of the Baptist church at Tremont, but who was charged with getting away with a number of theatrical costumes, which, it is alleged, he hired for an amateur performance, but which somebody sold. Brother Goodwin of the Waldstreet Theatre forty dollars, which these items were valued at three hundred dollars by their owner, one J. Horner. [It is not likely, Jimmy, that this J. Horner and the Johnny Horner of the pie-and-good-boy renown are one and the same—they may have been connected in some remote degree, but we have no evidence in support of such supposition.] We are sorry for the other members of the Wallstreet church, for the *suspicion* of wrong-doing which has thus attached to the skirts of the dear Brother Wilkins must stain the baptismal robes of the entire congregation! Surely, we have quaffed the bitter draught to the very dregs.....An imaginary friend of ours asks if we do not consider that theatrical agents would make equally good clerks in various commercial pursuits. We have no desire to find fault with our friend for asking questions on matters concerning which he seems to grope in darkness or crawl in ignorance, for it is only by making inquiry in the proper quarter that the lacking information can be gained. To show our readiness to accord knowledge to one who lacks it, we propose to give our views of the case in a well-conceived and happily-worded letter to Colonel Ingersoll. Whatever else may be said of him, the Colonel is, at least, a man of convictions. And for that reason, when he gets to discussing the question of future punishment, taking the cheerful view that there is no lake of brimstone, he carries his hearers right along with him. Perhaps you have noticed that it is easier to convince men of a pleasant falsehood than of a disagreeable truth.....Passing from the positive to the comparative degree—that is, from hell to Heller—we are more and more impressed with the beauties of diablerie and necromancy and all that. And then the second-sight mystery! When him from Spain. Conflicting theories have been broached as to his resorting to suicide. A sister and several brothers survive him. Among the latter is one who had sung with him in the Aimee Troupe, as well as in church choirs, as a baritone.....A short time ago Salvini played Othello in Lille, France. He was appreciated and applauded by those who occupied the stalls and boxes. To the surprise of the tragedian, the people who were farther off, in the cheaper portions of the house, soon began to create a disturbance. Ultimately he abruptly retired in high dudgeon. Then the manager poured oil upon the troubles, not by abiding the "gods" for their turbulence, but by explaining that they were not expected to understand Salvini, as he was speaking Italian. The tragedy proceeded without further interruption.....Mme. Pappenheim returned to the city on Jan. 29.....Donald G. Mitchell last week ventured to tell the people of New Jersey "How to Make their Homes Habitable and Attractive." That "Ike" should have essayed so vain a task is indeed a "Marvel." He should have lectured upon "The Science of Cheapening Apple-Jack," or have told his hearers "How to Win at Crack-loo."....P. T. Barnum estimates that during his career as a showman he has sold $83,000,000 worth of admission tickets. But these figures convey no idea of the sacrifice he has sold.....Miss Fia-mile Tighe suffered at last week from one of those hoarse colds peculiar to Miss Effie Germon, in "School" or out of it.....Through the death of William C. Glynn, Gardner of the Albany Penitentiary, Horace Mooney of Albany, N. Y., comes into possession of $80,000. Glynn was many years ago a music-teacher in Albany, and married Miss Meech, who was one of the Meech Sisters, a concert troupe. Mrs. Glynn, she soon got a divorce, Glynn removed to Boston and made a fortune in the music business, his former wife married a Rochestrian who died, next a Buffalonian who died, and now Glynn's feals the living in Richmond county, Staten Island. Her first husband's $80,000 recollection of her in his will was a godsend.....Apropos of fortunes, the wife of Mr. Gardner, proprietor of the Theatre bearing his name, nearly an heir apparent through the means of her grandmother, a well-known "millionaire" resident of the Seventeenth Ward of this city, who died in Tenth street, near Second avenue, at the age of more than ninety years. Her estate goes to five children one of whom is the mother of Mrs. Gardiner.....The "Great International Congress of Beauty and Culture" is the style adopted by the Institute, which opened about Feb. 11. One thousand youths of both sexes, but under five years of age, are to congregate, as also are one thousand ladies under forty years of age. The management propose to spend $5,000, some of it in premiums and the remainder in salaries to the exhibitors.....Capt. and Mrs. Crapo are exhibiting in this city the nineteen-foot boat New Bedford in which they crossed the Atlantic.....Karl's Park and Museum, which used to be in Westchester County, but which, without having been moved, is now in this city, was sold at auction on Jan. 30 to Benjamin Fairchild, subject to a mortgage of $13,000.....Peter Connor and William Kelleher, proprietors of the Grand Duke's Opera-house, this city, were arraigned on Jan. 30 on the charge of having assaulted one Jeremiah O'Connor. They were discharged, it appearing that Jeremiah had pricked Peter in the neck with a penknife. The cause of the trouble was one of the ballet-maidens of the Grand Duke's.....Reuben D. Springer on Jan. 29 increased his donation towards the Music Hall Fund, Cincinnati, by $20,000.....The success of W. D. Howells as a dramatist is apparent in the fact that his brother has been appointed Postmaster in Jefferson, O.....It may be of interest to all who became creditors of the Lyceum Theatre, this city, in 1874, to learn that Judge McAdams has just ruled that, while the assignee was not entitled to run the house on joint partners as to themselves, they were partners in their relations to those who had financial dealings with them. The parties involved in the management were George and C. C. Hoffman, Thomas Thacher, William L. Mansell and Charles Chamberlain Jr.....During its stay at the Academy of Music, this city, the Adams Pappenheim Troupe will bring out Wagner's "Rienzi." The season will end Feb. 11.....During the week ending Jan. 26 the attendance at four of the Boston theatres aggregated, it is said, 40,000. In spite of the unpopularity of four pieces of Mme. Colladon made her first appearance as a reader in public on Feb. 1, at the College of Elocution, Union square, this city.....Miss Lizzie C. Kempton, the Boston vocalist, was last week visiting for the first time in her native town, Hudson, Columbia County, N. Y.; but her friends had not, at last accounts, recovered her.....J. Steele Mackaye last week lectured before the Boston School of Philosophy of Expression upon "Delsarte."....Mlle. Litta, having conquered Paris, has left it.....Mlle. Albani made her Parisian debut for the year 1878 on Jan. 29, appearing for the first time in the next she plays in "Jane Eyre," will call it "The Governess."....Mrs. Emelia Jane, mother of Miss Eleanor Carey the actress, died in this city on Jan. 31, in her fifty-sixth year, and was buried on Sunday last from St. Ignatius Church Around the Corner." She had accompanied her daughter from Australia to this country, and was her constant attendant during the engagements in San Francisco, as well as since her contract for the season with John T. Ford, under whom Miss Carey, though temporarily in this city, still is.....Instead of paralyzing her auditors, Miss Marian Brunet, pedalling a dilemma in the "Continental Relief." His wagon was a jaunty affair, gaudy in red and gold, and it held a melodeon, to the accompaniment of which the artiste sang the original Jack Hallaway of the South sang attractive comic or sentimental songs with his mouth, while with his disengaged hand he helped three assistants to give the populace physical "Relief" in cent. per bottle. Now he gives them spiritual relief. The price remains about the same.....Religion leads us to the case of the Rev. Mr. Headham, a London divine who, having long patronized the Drama in his sermons, at last preached at it, and very sensibly withal, upon music-halls. This was the straw which broke the Headham's back, for the head-lamb of London (i. e., the bishop) has written a letter dismissing him from the flock.....The deposed divine has found consolation—he can now go upon the variety stage, which he could not have done before.....L. R. Shewell of Boston goes to the Centennial, Philadelphia, Feb. 25, to play Schelm in "The Exiles."....Mrs. Addie W. Oakman, whose resplendent blonde hair on Wednesday last (Groundhog Day) was more a fault than they."

This new reading will, we feel assured, meet with favor among the supers themselves; and in that case perhaps any additional support ought to be held superfluous.....Now and then there appears something really refreshing in the way of dramatic criticism. That is what we thought on the 27th day when we read in a Virginia paper that "as for the play of 'Othello,' it need only be said that it is faulty in construction, and somewhat heavy in dialogue." Well, yes, it strikes us that that *is* all that need be said. And yet—we do not want to be unreasonable, but if this Virginia critic would only tell us what he thinks about the play who wrote "Othello," then there might yet be some hope for the stage. Taken in the abstract, a baby is not the sort of companion which a full-grown man is apt to pick out. Indeed, a good many men entertain deep-rooted prejudices against these little innocents, and turn in disgust at the mere mention of the subject, especially are babies held to be obnoxious in a theatre, where they invariably cry just at the climax of some pathetic scene. Notwithstanding this, we are to have "Baby" at the Park, and, by careful nursing, it will doubtless pull through without paregoric.....Among the amusement offshoots, if that is permissible, we had, last week, a series of lectures by Colonel Ingersoll. Whatever else may be said of him, the Colonel is, at least, a man of convictions. And for that reason, when he gets to discussing the question of future punishment, taking the cheerful view that there is no lake of brimstone, he carries his hearers right along with him. Perhaps you have noticed that it is easier to convince men of a pleasant falsehood than of a disagreeable truth.....Passing from the positive to the comparative degree—that is, from hell to Heller—we are more and more impressed with the beauties of diablerie and necromancy and all that. And then the second-sight mystery! When

AGENTS *vs.* CLERKS.

Agents would hardly do for clerks—
This freely we assert—
Although *in "counting houses"*
They are said to be expert!

.....A brief announcement which appeared in several of the daily papers recently would have been most encouraging if it had been true. "Mushrooms will not come again until next season" was the announcement. But what authority has the writer for such an assertion? Mushrooms are always coming, and there is not a manager in the country who can escape them. Another falsehood nailed!.....After a good many disappointments, there is again the promise of seeing Clara Morris at the Broadway. Which is why we present the appended, although the lines are so good that they really do not need any apology:

CLARA MORRIS.

Her power over others such is,
She brings the tears to sternest eyes;
In short, whatever part she touches,
Her simple presence Clara-fies.
And now that she will soon appear,
Fresh laurels for all in store lie,
For many bright dramatic stars
Are favorites, but Clara More-is!

.....Remembering the belligerent nature of some distinguished actors who lived a long time ago—we are happy to announce that no such belligerents nowadays are belligerent—how appropriate it would be to quote the motto which has been affixed to "The Dead Secret," viz.:

"If men and women go astray,
Their stars are more at fault than they."

The slight alteration which we would suggest, and which would seem to make this couplet especially applicable to the actors who let their angry passions rise, is this:

"If ever *supers* go astray,
Their stars are more at fault than they."

This new reading will, we feel assured, meet with favor among the supers themselves; and in that case perhaps any additional support ought to be held superfluous.....Now and then there appears something really refreshing in the way of dramatic criticism. That is what we thought on the 27th day when we read in a Virginia paper that "as for the play of 'Othello,' it need only be said that it is faulty in construction, and somewhat heavy in dialogue." Well, yes, it strikes us that that *is* all that need be said. And yet—we do not want to be unreasonable, but if this Virginia critic would only tell us what he thinks about the play who wrote "Othello," then there might yet be some hope for the stage. Taken in the abstract, a baby is not the sort of companion which a full-grown man is apt to pick out. Indeed, a good many men entertain deep-rooted prejudices against these little innocents, and turn in disgust at the mere mention of the subject, especially are babies held to be obnoxious in a theatre, where they invariably cry just at the climax of some pathetic scene. Notwithstanding this, we are to have "Baby" at the Park, and, by careful nursing, it will doubtless pull through without paregoric.....Among the amusement offshoots, if that is permissible, we had, last week, a series of lectures by Colonel Ingersoll. Whatever else may be said of him, the Colonel is, at least, a man of convictions. And for that reason, when he gets to discussing the question of future punishment, taking the cheerful view that there is no lake of brimstone, he carries his hearers right along with him. Perhaps you have noticed that it is easier to convince men of a pleasant falsehood than of a disagreeable truth.....Passing from the positive to the comparative degree—that is, from hell to Heller—we are more and more impressed with the beauties of diablerie and necromancy and all that. And then the second-sight mystery! When

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Joseph Guerra, a tenor who up to about two years ago was a chorus-singer with the Marie Aimee Opera-bouffe Troupe, attempted suicide in this city on January 28, and died on the following day. With reasonable care on the part of others, his life might have been saved. He was a Spaniard, and about forty-five years of age. His father died in 1872, and his mother in 1877. Through the latter's death he inherited about $4,000 in gold, which is said to be now on the way to

ALFRED DAMPIER and his little daughter Lily made their metropolitan debut in the Broadway Theatre Jan. 28, acting in "The Lyons Mail," which was performed with the following cast:

Joseph Lesurques.....	Mr. Dampier
Dubosc.....	
Daubenton.....G. B. Waldron	Postillion.....T. James
Jerome Lesurques. T. J. Hind	Waiter at Calais.....F. Devere
Didier.....Chas. Rockwell	Waiter to Postmistress.
Joliquet..... Lily	G. Hibson
Guerno.....W. S Dunston	Postmaster.....E. F. Taylor
Lambert.....W. J. Cogswell	Jeanne. Miss Jeffreys Lewis
Dumont.....C. Webster	Julie Lesurques.
Couriol.....B. T. Rinerold	Miss Carlotta Evelyn
Choppard.....F. B Warde	Mistress' Niece,
Fouinard.....Chas. Lesiere	Miss Adelaide Cherie
Commissary.....I Daveau	

The drama, which was presented in five acts, has been made familiar to the public by frequent performances at the east-side theatres, in years gone by, under the title of "The Courier of Lyons," and the probable cause of its present revival is due to the recent success achieved in it by Henry Irving in London, Eng. Mr. Dampier succeeded in investing his characters with distinct individuality, depicting Lesurques in a quiet and subdued manner, while in portraying the rough and brutal qualities of Dubosc's nature he displayed much ability as a melodramatic actor. He was seen at his best in the scene where Dubosc attempts the murder of Jeanne, and in the delirium scene of the last act. It would be unjust to decide upon his histrionic merits simply by witnessing his portrayal of these characters. He has a good stage presence, a clear, melodious voice of considerable power, and possesses facial and vocal expression, while his movements and gestures are graceful and free from constraint. His daughter Lily, as the boy Joliquet, made a marked success, and by her clever acting elicited frequent and hearty applause. She was thoroughly natural, and in both the conception and embodiment of the character evinced intelligence far beyond her years. It is an exceedingly difficult character for a child to properly interpret. There were but few of the other characters that afforded any great opportunity for the display of the actor's art. F. B. Warde's acting of Choppard, a French horse-jockey, was quite commendable, barring that he spoke his lines with a broad English accent. Charles Leclercq displayed marked ability as a character-actor by his clever performance of the thief Fouinard, and B. T. Ringgold is to be credited with a highly effective impersonation of his foppish pal, Couriol. G. B. Waldron discharged the duties of a Commissary of Police with quiet dignity. Miss Jeffreys Lewis appeared to unusually good advantage as Jeanne, the cast-off mistress of Dubosc, and during the scene of the attempted murder she acted with much intensity and force. Miss Carlotta Evelyn was not in all respects satisfactory as Julie, being overweighted. The piece was attractively mounted, much care having been bestowed upon the scenery and appointments. An old-fashioned post-chaise was driven on the stage just before the robbery and murder of the courier in the second act. The attendance was only fair.

FOURTEEN PERSONS made fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's Theatre Jan. 28, and a very large business was done during the week until the snowfall. Equilibristic and juggling feats with various objects were commendably given by Harry Mack, while reciting upon an elevated platform. Kitty and Neary, made up like rough Irish laborers, did a song-and-dance, which met with fair success, but, after a rapid change of costume, their attempt at the "Dandy Micks" did not meet with much favor. Future practice will, we think, remedy this. Their dancing was good. The Stuart Sisters, attired in the garb of English factory girls, gave a double song and dance, and, quickly changing attire, depicted a somewhat unconventional squabble in a medley duet, and after another change of garb did a double-clog in an agile manner. Their costumes were very rich. Nellie Brooks and George Kurtz performed a familiar musical sketch, under the title of "The Outcast." Miss Brooks sings well, and Mr. Kurtz created considerable laughter, but it was not quite certain whether he was endeavoring to impersonate an Irishman, an Italian or used each dialect alternately. Tommy and Annie Dayton were first seen as an elderly couple, who sang a familiar duet. After an almost instantaneous change of costume, Annie reappeared, richly attired, and sang a serio-comic song. As she left the stage Tommy reappeared, eccentrically made-up, and sang a song in the air of "Hilda Montrose," his gymnastic dancing between the verses of which created loud laughter. He was several times recalled. Annie, having changed her dress, reappeared, and together they gave one of the best medley duets we have listened to in a long time. At its close they were again recalled. They may feel proud of their success. Mollie Bryant and Stella Newton performed a number of aerial juggling feats quite deftly, and concluded their act with "The Impalement Feat," during which Miss Newton was placed in front of a broad screen and Mr. Bushnell threw sharp-pointed knives in so skillful a manner that they remained fixed in the boards in close proximity to various portions of Miss Newton's figure. Liberal applause greeted their efforts. John and Amy Tudor performed a musical sketch, and then displayed their skill in pedestal clog-dancing, during which Amy made four changes of costume without descending to the stage. A combat-dance, quite effectively given, closed their act. Hilda Thomaso reappeared after a brief absence, and her ballad-singing met with its accustomed success. In the absence of performances by newcomers, the spectators were entertained by Bob Harrison, Frank Girard and Barry Maxwell in a sketch designated "The Rival Artists;" nimble jig-dancing by Rose Howland, who later in the evening, with her sister Maud, gave songs-and-dances; plantation songs by Barry Maxwell; numerous songs by Tony Pastor, sung in his happiest style; Billy Barry in a melange of witty conversation and songs, giving for the first time "Johanna's Night" and "The Tramp's L

LA COMBINATION is to
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OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., letter, dated Jan. 27, is as appended:

At Baldwin's Theatre the tenth and last week of the engagement of the New York Company concludes to-night, "Pink Dominos" was produced Jan. 21, 22, "Lad Astray" 23, 24, "Marble Heart" 25, 27, "Two Orphans" 28. Thos. Maguire, the manager, who deserves a word of praise for presenting, through the medium of an imported company, some of the most delightful performances of the kind ever placed before the public, takes a complimentary benefit on 28, when "The Marble Heart" will be the bill. C. R. Thorne Jr. will play Raphael, and Mary L. Young Marco. The engagement of this company cannot be recorded as a successful one, in a financial aspect. The following members of the company leave 29 for New York, playing at Sacramento, Virginia City and Salt Lake en route: C. R. Thorne Jr., Frank Roche, J. W. Jennings, Walden Ramsay, C. W. Collier, H. B. Bradley, Fanny Morant, Maude Harrison, Ida Vernon, Mrs. Marie Wilkins, Mme. Ivan C. Michels, Mrs. L. E. Seymour and Miss Morrimar. This theatre will remain closed for one week. Fred Lysser has organized an opera-bouffe troupe, to appear Feb. 4 in "Madame Angot's Daughter." Catherine Lewis is the prima-donna; Harry Gates, tenor; Marian Singer, contralto; and W. H. Kinross, baritone.....A Trip to the Moon" was produced at the California Theatre Jan. 21. "Standing-room Only" was announced every night for the week. The chief attractions are the superb costumes, the admirable ballet, the droll humor of the comedians, and, above all, Yoscifi's scenery. The transformation scene, representing a flying ship travelling amidst the stars, is one of the most delicately painted and delightful delusions of the kind ever displayed on this coast. "Our Artist" was finally called before the curtain. The acting of T. W. Keene, C. B. Bishop, W. A. Mestayer and Alice Harrison was exquisite tooling. A clever debutante, Clara Fladell, aged eighteen, made her first appearance on any stage as Princess Fantasy. She acted aptly and ably, and her singing was sweet and pleasing. The Kirally Brothers, the Ulm Sisters, singers, and the Valdis Sisters, gymnasts, assisted in the unusually prosperous week. Signor E. Maleroni is to appear Feb. 4 in "The Old Corporal."....At the Grand Opera-house the second and last week of "The Regiment of Champagne" finished 26. Chas. H. Morton's drama "The Poor and Proud of the Great City" will be produced 28. E. F. Thorne will receive a benefit Feb. 3, and present "Richard III." with Jean Richards—T. W. Keene, Henry Edwards, George Metkit and E. F. Thorne. Barton Hill has volunteered to play Richmond. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Feb. 4. The Sunday concerts at this theatre, under the direction of J. H. Widmer, are deservedly popular.....The third and last week of the Adah Richmond Burlesque Company at Emerson's Opera-house concludes the week to-night with Miss Richmond's benefit and the production of the musical extravaganza entitled "The Golden Butterfly." A newly-organized dramatic company, announced for 28, Jack Lamb and Annie Firmin. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmonds, M. B. Curtis, W. H. Fitzgerald, R. G. Marsh, May Wilkes, Imogene Eberle and others, commence a short season 28. "Rosedale" is announced as the initial performance.....The managers of the California Theatre have bought the rights of "Fritz" the little comedian, and have been authorized by the sub-owner, J. W. Collier, in the East, to inhibit the production of the piece. Mr. Jack alleges that his version is a direct translation from the French, and that Sandford's is the play cannot be enjoined. It is probable that an injunction to prevent its production will be attempted.....Mme. Reutz's Female Minstrels and Mlle. Hanley's Burlesque Troupe arrived on the last 26, and on the same evening commenced an engagement at the Bush-street Theatre in an immense audience, which manifested unmistakable symptoms of approval. The male members of the company are above the average minstrel performers, the ladies possess shapely figures, good voices, and their acting is sprightly and vivacious. Their costuming was so severely classical as almost to startle some of the audience. The burlesque of Nicola's "Lucrezia Borgia" is marvellously good. She makes a complete change of dress, including tights, in a remarkably short space of time. The specialties were excellent. The scenic embellishments at the Adelphi Theatre are remarkable for brightness and evenness of tone. The principal members of the company are Geo. F. Moore, comedian; C. F. Cogill, songand-dance man; Mlle. May Moore, Miss Mina Watrigant, slack-wire performer, and Homer Lane and Thomas Foy, wrestlers, will appear Jan. 28.....At the Bella Union Theatre Dick Temple and Tom Kingsley are the fair hostess. Fred J. Mackley and Fanny Young appear to considerable advantage in an amusing farce called "Stratagem." On 27, Mr. and Mrs. Imperial Symnast, Hutton and Cooper, and Lulu Delmay put in a welcomed appearance. "The French Spy" will be produced Jan. 28.....Fanny L. Buckingham, with "Masepa," is doing well in Portland, Oregon.....Things theatrical are extremely dull in the interior of the State.....Sherry Corbyn, long and favorably known in the profession, has reopened a dramatic agency in this city.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON, MASS., are thus reviewed by our correspondent, writing on Feb. 3:

"A Celebrated Case," translated from the French of Adolph Belot and Eugene Corman as acted for the first time in this city at the Museum Jan. 28. A full detail of its story was given in THE CLIPPER of Jan. 5, and it is therefore unnecessary to go over oodles ground in giving an interesting play of the modern melodramatic class, which the authors have given us a taste of in "The Two Orphans." It was played with the following cast:

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Jean Renaud, Chas. Barron; Count D'Aubeterre, J. Burroughs; Denis O'Rourke, Wm. Warren; Lazare, R. F. McClanin; Vicomte Raoul De Launy, Charles Villiers; the Sergeant of the Guard, F. S. Hardaker; Thomas Morris; Adrienne, Miss A. Clarke; Valentine De Mornac, Miss F. Reeves; Duchess D'Aubeterre, Miss L. Phillips; Chanoinesse of the College d'Hyers, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Julia, Miss A. Franks.

Although its production was necessarily hurried, the artists having but little opportunity for well digested rehearsals and study, the acting was remarkably good. Chas. Barron and Miss Clarke carrying the burden and honor of the piece. Mr. Barron has done nothing better in his professional career than Jean Renaud.....her in the quiet and restrained manner with which he in the prologue, in the horror of the news of her murder, the brief interview with his little daughter at the camp, or the hopelessness and pathos of the poor galley-slave. His action was full of deep tenderness, pathos, earnestness, and boundless love and feeling. Miss Clarke as the wife and mother gave a beautiful performance, noticeable for the trust in her husband and love for her child, that carried out the finer lines of the character with interest and sympathy. Mr. Warren is not seen at his best in Irish characters, the brogue sometimes overdone, as it was on 28, but his humor in the part of O'Rourke relieves the drama of its somewhat sombre hue. Mr. McClannin as the villain Lazare was very melodramatic, and, though heavy, was effective. Mr. Barron as the Duke was earnest and painstaking, and Mr. Hartshorn as the Corporal gave further evidence of his adaptability as a professional. R. F. Villers gave a clever impersonation of Raoul; Mr. Mason as the Seneschal delivered his few lines artistically; and Mr. Morris as Joseph was all that was necessary. Miss Fanny Reeves made a success, despite apparent indisposition, gave her principal scene with much power and deserves commendation. Mrs. Vincent raised many smiles by her humorous presentation of the preceptress and Miss Phillips as the Duchess was becomingly dignified, as befitted her station. The little child character played the five years-old daughter with great intelligence, and was, with Mr. Barron, nightly summoned before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience. The combination of Madeline Morris' Burlesque Troupe arrived from the East 26, and on the same evening commenced an engagement at the Bush-street Theatre in an immense audience, which manifested unmistakable symptoms of approval. The male members of the company are above the average minstrel performers, the ladies possess shapely figures, good voices, and their acting is sprightly and vivacious. Their costuming was so severely classical as almost to startle some of the audience. The burlesque of Nicola's "Lucrezia Borgia" is marvellously good. She makes a complete change of dress, including tights, in a remarkably short space of time. The specialties were excellent. The scenic embellishments at the Adelphi Theatre are remarkable for brightness and evenness of tone. The principal members of the company are Geo. F. Moore, comedian; C. F. Cogill, songand-dance man; Mlle. May Moore, Miss Mina Watrigant, slack-wire performer, and Homer Lane and Thomas Foy, wrestlers, will appear Jan. 28.....At the Bella Union Theatre Dick Temple and Tom Kingsley are the fair hostess. Fred J. Mackley and Fanny Young appear to considerable advantage in an amusing farce called "Stratagem." On 27, Mr. and Mrs. Imperial Symnast, Hutton and Cooper, and Lulu Delmay put in a welcomed appearance. "The French Spy" will be produced Jan. 28.....Fanny L. Buckingham, with "Masepa," is doing well in Portland, Oregon.....Things theatrical are extremely dull in the interior of the State.....Sherry Corbyn, long and favorably known in the profession, has reopened a dramatic agency in this city.

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CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Jean Renaud, Charles Barron; Count D'Aubeterre, J. Burrows; Denis O'Rourke, Wm. Warren; Lazare, R. F. McClanin; Vicomte Raoul De Launy, Charles Villiers; the Sergeant of the Guard, F. S. Hardaker; Thomas Morris; Adrienne, Miss A. Clarke; Valentine De Mornac, Miss F. Reeves; Duchess D'Aubeterre, Miss L. Phillips; Chanoinesse of the College d'Hyers, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Julia, Miss A. Franks.

Although its production was necessarily hurried, the artists having but little opportunity for well digested rehearsals and study, the acting was remarkably good. Chas. Barron and Miss Clarke carrying the burden and honor of the piece. Mr. Barron has done nothing better in his professional career than Jean Renaud.....her in the quiet and restrained manner with which he in the prologue, in the horror of the news of her murder, the brief interview with his little daughter at the camp, or the hopelessness and pathos of the poor galley-slave. His action was full of deep tenderness, pathos, earnestness, and boundless love and feeling. Miss Clarke as the wife and mother gave a beautiful performance, noticeable for the trust in her husband and love for her child, that carried out the finer lines of the character with interest and sympathy. Mr. Warren is not seen at his best in Irish characters, the brogue sometimes overdone, as it was on 28, but his humor in the part of O'Rourke relieves the drama of its somewhat sombre hue. Mr. McClannin as the villain Lazare was very melodramatic, and, though heavy, was effective. Mr. Barron as the Duke was earnest and painstaking, and Mr. Hartshorn as the Corporal gave further evidence of his adaptability as a professional. R. F. Villers gave a clever impersonation of Raoul; Mr. Mason as the Seneschal delivered his few lines artistatorily

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